

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

SHERLOCK HOLMES SENSATION

Edwardian spy scandal:
Poirot link exposed
FULL STORY
INSIDE



LONDON'S TOP PROPERTIES: THE £10 MILLION HOUSE
The flowering of W H Smith ♦ Turner finds a home ♦ Portrait of a well-dressed street

HIGHLIGHTS
All the best for the
month ahead



AND YOU THOUGHT NO CAR COULD BE AS EXCITING AS YOUR FIRST.

As you can see, whoever said BMWs are beyond comparison was wrong. And the comparisons go further than you think.

Remember how direct the steering felt in your pedal car?

It's no coincidence you'll feel the same direct-

ness behind the wheel of a BMW 316. Or a BMW powered Formula One car come to that.

Unlike most cars neither BMW feels 'rubbery' because, quite simply, they don't have any rubber components between the chassis and the steering rack.

When it comes to engines, however, both the BMWs leave the pedal car standing. They share the same 4 cylinder engine block.

In fact, the engine block in the 1983 World Championship winning BMW Formula One car was taken out of a high mileage BMW 316.

So it's not really surprising it has such an enviable reputation for all round performance.

And everywhere else the BMW 316 compares with all other BMWs.

Even BMWs that cost £41,000.

According to Fast Lane magazine 'You're

greeted with the perfect driving position when you step into it.'

It has the same fit and finish, the same elegant but restrained styling both inside and out, and above all, the same BMW magic. Fast Lane again.

Yet at £8,820 the price of the BMW 316 com-

pares with a much less exciting selection of cars.

If you haven't already driven one, perhaps you ought to. You won't have had such fun behind the wheel since you were six.

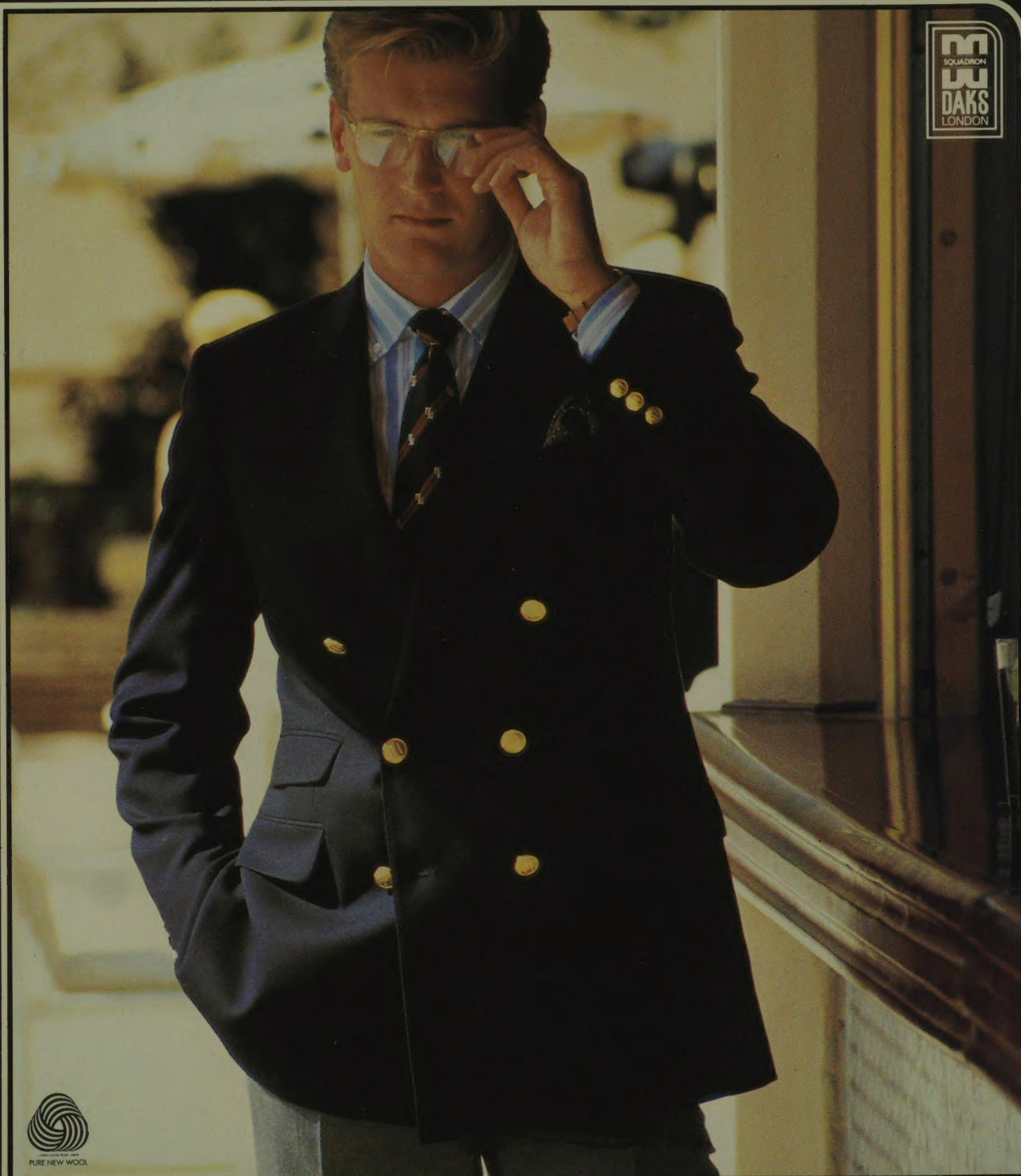


THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

THE BMW 316 COSTS £8,820. THE BMW 316 SHOWN ABOVE WITH OPTIONAL ALLOY WHEELS AND BLACK SATIN CHROME. PRICE CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, INCLUDES
FOR A BMW 3 SERIES INFORMATION FILE, PLEASE WRITE TO: BMW INFORMATION SERVICE, PO BOX 46, HOUNSLOW, MIDDLESEX UB8 3PH

CAR TAX AND VAT BUT NOT DELIVERY OR NUMBER PLATES. INCLUSIVE DELIVERY CHARGE, INCORPORATING BMW EMERGENCY SERVICE AND INITIAL SERVICES, £233 + VAT.
TELEPHONE 01-897 6665 (LITERATURE REQUESTS ONLY). FOR TAX FREE SALES: 56 PARK LANE, LONDON W1. TELEPHONE 01-629 9277.

DAKS®



ONE LOOK TELLS YOU IT'S DAKS

The famous DAKS Blazer – a direct descendant of the jackets first worn by the officers of HMS Blazer in 1845. Navy Blazers in Pure New Wool from around £125. Single breasted from around £115. Worn with DAKS trousers from a range starting from around £50. DAKS clothes are available at Simpson Piccadilly, London W1 and the finest shops and stores throughout the country. For your local stockist please make a free telephone call to DAKS on 0800-833301.

DAKS, M and SQUADRON are registered trademarks of DAKS Simpson Group plc. 34 Jermyn Street, London SW1.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

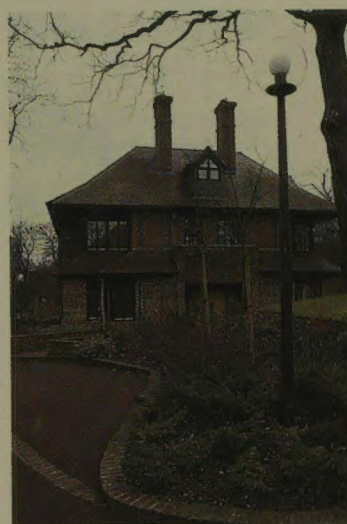
NUMBER 7065 VOLUME 275 APRIL 1987



NEW TURNER GALLERY 18



WORLD SKIING CHAMPIONSHIPS 40



HOUSES OVER £1 MILLION 53

COVER ILLUSTRATION

by Paul Slater

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.
Telephone 01-928 6969.

Editor James Bishop
Deputy Editor Roger Berthoud
Special Projects Editor Alex Finer
Art Director Jeanette Collins
Picture Editor Bryn Campbell
Senior Designer Jo Plent
Production Editor Margaret Davies
Sub Editors Joanna Willcox
Simon Horsford
Listings Editor Sally Richardson
Archaeology Editor Ann Birchall
Travel Editor David Tennant
Circulation Manager Richard Pitkin
Production Manager John Webster
Advertisement Director Jeffery May
Publisher Tony Price
Proprietor James Sherwood

APRIL HIGHLIGHTS A focus on forthcoming events, mainly in London	6
TURNER'S OWN GALLERY Andrew Wilton on how the great painter has gained a national shrine	18
HOLMES VERSUS POIROT An unrecorded clash between the two giants of detection revealed by Julian Symons	26
COVENT GARDEN'S LEADING LADY Profile of Christina Smith by Roger Berthoud	30
GREAT BRITISH COMPANIES Carol Kennedy charts the rise and rise of W. H. Smith	34
SWISS SKIERS TAKE THE GOLD David Cannon's pictures of the World Alpine Championships	40
A WELL-DRESSED STREET James Bishop on the discreet charms of Jermyn Street	46
£1 MILLION AND MORE June Fields looks at London homes with seven-figure price tags	53
London Notebook	15
For the record	16
Letters to the Editor	44
Archaeology: Alan Borg reports on some of the great sites in Iraq	58
Motoring: Stuart Marshall on the advantages of the company car	63
Reviews: Cinema, Theatre, Opera	66
Books: Reviews by Robert Blake, Ian Stewart, and others, plus the month's best sellers	68
ILN Prize Auction: An opportunity to win a £1,000 voucher to spend at Bonhams	70
Hotels: Hilary Rubinstein at Grafton Manor near Bromsgrove	73
Restaurants: Kingsley Amis at the Capital Hotel, Basil Street	75
LISTINGS: Selective guide to the arts and entertainment	76
Classified Advertisements	82

© 1987 *The Illustrated London News*, a partnership of James B Sherwood and British Ferries Ltd. World copyright of all editorial matter, both illustrations and text, is strictly reserved. Colour transparencies and other material submitted to *The Illustrated London News* are sent at their owners' risk and, while every care is taken, neither *The Illustrated London News* nor its agents accept any liability for loss or damage.
Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London*

News each month by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a personal subscription. Please send orders for subscriptions and address corrections to: ILN Subscription Department, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9NR. Telephone 0858 34567. Second-class postage paid at Rahway NJ. Postmaster: Send address corrections to The Illustrated London News, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd Inc, 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001, USA. ISSN number: 0019-2422.

USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 (\$29), USA/Europe £25 (\$39), Canada £25 (\$42), rest of the world £28 (\$42).

HIGHLIGHTS



BERYL BAINBRIDGE

SEVEN-YEAR ITCH

A new novel from Margaret Drabble

After a gap of seven years, Margaret Drabble's 10th novel, *The Radiant Way*, is about to be published.

Margaret Drabble, CBE, the daughter of a judge, was born in 1939 and educated at Mount School, York, and Newnham College, Cambridge. Friends who knew her at Cambridge say that if she had not become a writer she could have been a distinguished member of the theatrical profession. Her first marriage, in 1960, dissolved in 1975, was to the actor Clive Swift by whom she has three children.

Her first novel, *A Summer Birdcage*, was published in 1962 and she was recognized at once as a major talent. She wrote a further eight novels which established

her literary reputation, the last one, published in 1979, entitled *The Middle Ground*. It was then that she took on the formidable job of editing *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, a task which took her four years to complete and whose outcome received great acclaim.

Margaret Drabble tells me that if she had wanted to write another novel she would not have taken on the *Oxford Companion*; at the time she felt that she might never write another. In my view, the novelist who has stayed the course needs sometimes to take on other work, or even to step outside into the real world. It is a bit like crop rotation; the soil

needs a rest and who wants to grow beet-root every blessed year?

While completing the *Oxford Companion*, Margaret Drabble became chairwoman of the National Book League (now the Book Trust), married the biographer Michael Holroyd, studied Russian and learnt to drive.

It would appear that the "rest" has paid off, for now, instead of the blank page which faced her seven years ago, she feels that there are many more novels waiting to be written, many more characters ready to emerge. All in all, *The Radiant Way* is an auspicious title.

The Radiant Way is published on April 30 by Weidenfeld & Nicolson at £10.95.

SIMON BARNES

EASTER AGONY

Marathon running is for cissies. A marathon race is not long enough, or far enough, and is hardly ever cold or wet enough. It is impossible to get well and truly miserable in the three hours or so an ordinary runner completes a marathon.

But the Devizes to Westminster Canoe Race guarantees you hour upon hour of freezing, soaking ghastliness: an unending wet and weary hell. The fastest time ever recorded for the race is 15 hours 34 minutes. The paddlers race over 125 miles of water: down the Kennet and Avon Canal until it joins the Thames at Reading, and along the river to Westminster Bridge.

The toughest and meanest way to compete is in the pairs section—to cover the whole length without stopping. You race against the clock and pick your own starting time. The idea is to catch the ebb tide at its fastest when you join the Tideway at Teddington. The start is on Good Friday. Contestants paddle through the night and finally clamber out of their canoes at Festival Hall Pier throughout Saturday morning.

To be there at the finish is to see a parade of agony: fingers have lost all feeling, faces are pinched with pain, every bit of body feels torn and abraded, muscles are screaming endlessly. The contestants are all beyond elation at finishing: beyond even relief at the ending of their pain. They step expressionlessly on to the land, a bunch of zombies, and they all tell you: "Never again."

Most of them will be back next year. There are up to 1,000 paddlers expected this time, more than ever before. There are three classes: the singles and the juniors make three overnight stops and finish on Easter Monday morning. Only the senior pairs do it all in one go.

The satisfaction is slow in coming. But at the competition camp you can see a weary peace, a boundless, aching pleasure, slowly beginning to settle.

The cricket season gets under way at Lord's on April 22 with a three-day match between MCC and Essex, last year's county champions.

All the fun of Bolivian carnival has come to the Museum of Mankind. The devil and his wife, right, are the garish stars in an exotic new show of costumes from Oruro. The reptiles on this mask symbolize creatures of darkness from the devil's underground home, while modern light bulbs have been crafted into goggling eyeballs.



EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

PORTOBELLO BLOOMS

Suzanne O'Driscoll leads the way

One of the major events of the Portobello Contemporary Art Festival this month is the show of Suzanne O'Driscoll's work at Anderson O'Day. Her work is strongly influenced by the Hispanic world; she has visited Mexico, Guatemala and Spain, and has looked at both Pre-Colombian imagery and the Spanish Baroque.

The new Portobello Road art scene has the flavour of the East Village galleries in New York (and, like the East Village's galleries, most of these new spaces are open

on Saturdays). It is therefore intriguing to note that O'Driscoll's work revives Surrealism—a tendency noticeable among the East Village avant-garde about a year and a half ago. The difference, perhaps, is that O'Driscoll's pictures are a good deal more craftsman-like than those of her New York contemporaries; that is, they are more soundly painted, with a better feeling for the medium itself.

One influence which seems to make itself felt in them is that of a now much-

neglected English painter, the late John Armstrong, who was one of the lions of English Surrealism during the 1930s. O'Driscoll has Armstrong's liking for rounded, volumetric forms; and shares his feeling for colour—pale, and slightly chalky, like an old fresco, with bright, fresh accents. I think this is an exhibition many people will enjoy, and the gallery itself is a haven of calm amid the bustle of Portobello Road market.

See *Listings*, page 79.



JOANNA WILLCOX

ROYAL AUCTION

The last tangible mementoes of a love affair that rocked the world will be displayed in public on April 2. Under Sotheby's hammer in Geneva will be auctioned the magnificent jewels—more than 250 lots—that Edward VIII gave to Wallis Simpson, the American divorcee for whom he renounced the throne of England, to become Duke of Windsor.

His passion for her was matched only by his obsession for jewelry and during the four decades after they met in the 1930s he was to shower her with gems. Made up into exquisitely crafted necklaces, brooches and bracelets, often to his specifications, by jewellers such as Cartier (no fewer than 87 pieces) and van Cleef & Arpels, they became the talk of London in the early years of the couple's acquaintance. A particular favourite of the Duchess was a diamond flamingo brooch, below right, by Cartier (1948), feathers ablaze with rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Sotheby's have estimated its value at £42,000-£50,000.

Of peculiarly poignant interest are the more personal pieces—presents the Duke of Windsor gave his wife to mark special events in their life together, inscribed with tender messages which became the hallmark of their love. Items belonging to the Duke, which include inherited cufflinks and ceremonial swords and early gifts from his family, are to be auctioned the following day.

Sotheby's estimate that the jewels alone will fetch more than £5 million. The proceeds will go to the Institut Pasteur in Paris, in return for the generosity in respect of rent and tax that the French government showed the Duke and Duchess of Windsor during their Paris exile. The Duchess, whose 1939 portrait, above, by Gerald Leslie Brockhurst



appears this month in a National Portrait Gallery exhibition, died aged 89 a year ago.

The sale has predictably been attracting extraordinary interest from private collectors and jewelry dealers, particularly from the US. There will doubtless be a fair share of British purchasers, some possibly members or descendants of Edward VIII's circle. Although the jewels belong to the fashions of their time and are somewhat ostentatious for British tastes, their remarkable place in history enhances their value and appeal.



MARGARET DAVIES

BATTLE SONG

A Finn declares war on France

The RSC takes on a third London stage with the opening of Trevor Nunn's highly acclaimed production of *The Fair Maid of the West* which moves from Stratford to the redesigned Mermaid Theatre on April 2.

The British première of the opera *The King Goes Forth to France* by Finland's leading composer Aulis Sallinen is the main event in a continuing celebration of Finnish music. It is being staged by the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, with six performances from April 1 to 13, and will also be broadcast on BBC Radio 3.

The story, which is based on a play by the Finnish poet Paavo Haavikko, is a mixture of tragedy, satire and farce. Set in the not-too-distant future when northern Europe is threatened by another ice age, it concerns a king of England who embarks with all his people on an invasion of France. But time regresses and the invaders find themselves back in the Hundred Years' War.

This sombre allegory, with its concealed layers of meaning and a time-span of six centuries, is a challenge to the producer Nicholas Hytner and designer Bob Crowley, who are teamed for the first time. Hytner's operatic experience in the past 10 years has already brought him acclaim and two awards for his production of Handel's *Xerxes* at English National Opera. Crowley, who has spent the last six years designing for the Royal Shakespeare Company, explains that they are drawing on images familiar to English audiences rather than plunging into science fiction for futuristic concepts, and hints at associations with both *Dad's Army* and *Henry V* in the military scenes. See Listings, page 78.



ANN STEELE

EATING HISTORY

Should you decide to cook royal concubine drunken chicken for Sunday lunch, do not tell Aunt Maud about the recipe's origins until after she has finished. The dish was named after Yan Kuei-fei, a favourite concubine of T'ang dynasty (AD 618-907) Emperor Ming Huang. She so distracted him from high affairs of state, so the story goes, as to precipitate the An Lu-shan rebellion. The luckless lady was garrotted by the emperor's retreating troops.

Such culinary trivia are contained in *The British Museum Cookbook* published by the Museum on April 6, at £9.95. It aims to give 20th-century cooks a taste of the past. The book includes one complete meal for each collection in the Museum. So you could serve an Imperial Roman banquet—mushrooms stewed in wine with coriander, flat wholemeal breads, Baian fish stew, figpeckers or poussin with asparagus sauce, salads and a compote of unripe fruit—or you might prefer more basic Anglo-Saxon fare (griddled trout with herbs, hare or rabbit stew with barley, followed with honey and hazelnut crumble).

Author Michelle Berriedale-Johnson's research covers food from ancient Persia, classical Greece, ancient Egypt, pre-Conquest America, medieval Europe, Renaissance Italy, Georgian England and Imperial China. She warns, "Many of the tastes will be unusual and the food combinations may come as something of a cultural shock."

As far as possible she has based the 100 or so recipes on original receipts or descriptions of dishes, but in the chapters on ancient Greek, Persian, Egyptian and Aztec recipes the author uses foods available at the time to create dishes that could have been eaten.

Whether you decide on Peruvian potatoes with walnut and shrimp sauce, William Verral's "spinage with cream and eggs" or "fry'd bread", or Eshkeneh Shir-azi (a Persian yoghurt soup), all the ingredients, says the British Museum, should be available in most urban areas. And in case Aunt Maud asks, the Chinese Imperial royal concubine drunken chicken is cooked with soya sauce, rice wine and fresh root ginger.

Watch by courtesy of Mappin & Webb.



IT TAKES 1000
PAINSTAKING HOURS
TO CREATE A HALF
MILLION POUND WATCH.
AND 300,000 HOURS TO
MAKE HENNESSY X.O.

COGNAC
Hennessy



W WAUGH REVISITED

NICHOLAS SHAKESPEARE

A television profile by family and friends

Shortly after attending Mass on Easter Sunday, 1966, Evelyn Waugh died on the lavatory at his home in Combe Florey. "It was," said his friend, Graham Greene, "a kind of cruel irony. The two sides of his character, the comic and the

orthodox, were together in his death."

This Easter, 21 years on, the BBC are devoting three *Arena* programmes to Evelyn Waugh's life and work. They include interviews with contemporaries such as Harold Acton, Diana Mosley, Anthony Powell and Penelope Betjeman as well as contributions from Waugh's own family which together belie the image we have perhaps come to have of him, rudely brandishing an ear-trumpet, in a loud check-suit.

One of the reasons we have waited so long is the intimidating power of Waugh's personality. "He had an extraordinary presence," remembers his son, Auberon, "even if he was miles away." In his later years, the years described in his coruscating self-portrait *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*, it was a presence that could be terrifying. ("The part for which he cast himself was a combination of eccentric don and testy colonel and he acted it strenuously...") Any unwarranted intrusion into his increasingly private life would be met with both barrels.

"My father saw the whole of life through a sort of satirical lens," says Auberon. "My mother always used to say 'you see this ghastly old bore now, but he used to be so witty and gay and cheerful'. But I saw him as essentially a funny man

and when he wasn't suffering from depression he really did live for jokes."

One popular performance in the repertoire of family charades was the death scene of Ian Fleming which involved much gurgling and spluttering. Then there were the occasions when guests were dining and the children had to introduce, as naturally as they could, a prearranged line. "When I was eight I had to say 'Architecture is pure poetry,'" Waugh's daughter Harriet remembers. "There was dead silence at the table and then he'd bring the conversation round to architecture and suddenly you'd pipe up and say 'Architecture is pure poetry', at which point he'd turn and say, 'Oh, that's very interesting, Hattie, and why?'"

"I think he was a very great man," concluded his favourite daughter Margaret, who died tragically last year. "He loved the English language and used it extremely well but he didn't see himself as a great artist. He looked on himself as a craftsman." Today the works he crafted confirm the position accorded him by Graham Greene: "I rate him as the best of all my generation. Incomparably the best."

Arena, BBC2, April 18, 19 & 20.
LWT show a two-hour dramatization of Waugh's novel *Scoop* on April 26.

— A 1987 TWO OF A KIND —

LIMITED EDITION OF FINE ART PRINTS
(500 Of Each)



OPERATION DRAKE 1978/80



OPERATION RALEIGH 1984/88

from the outstanding SEASCAPE PAINTINGS

by
RODERICK LOVESEY
of

Both Flagships: EYE OF THE WIND AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Signed and numbered by the artist and the Leader of both Expeditions
Colonel John Blashford-Snell MBE

and
Printed by Royle, Fine Art Print Limited, London

£60 each £100 the pair

Can be seen at:

THE MEDICHI GALLERY, 7 GRAFTON ST,
LONDON, SW1. Tel: 01 629 5675

or

Particulars from the Publishers:

INTERESTING THINGS FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE
TRUSLEY, DERBY, DE6 5JG. Tel: 028 373 3878

The art of the animator will enliven the Royal Festival Hall from April 3 until May 6. This image is from a film of *Animal Farm* by the British husband-and-wife team, John Halas and Joy Batchelor. It goes on view among designs by 100 international artists.



CRIMINAL START

SALLY RICHARDSON

The maritime founding of Australia

Two hundred years after the First Fleet of 11 convict ships set sail from Portsmouth for New South Wales, the National Maritime Museum is to mount an exhibition called *Australia 200: Episodes in the Growth of a Nation*. Opening on April 13, the show is an excellent appetizer for the 1988 bicentennial jamboree which will celebrate the First Fleet's arrival in January, 1788.

Each episode covered is essentially maritime, beginning with the Dutch discovery of the west coast of mythical *Terra Australis* in 1616. A section on the First Fleet details all the 700 convicts—their age, sex, origin, occupation and offence. The youngest was a 13-year-old chimney-sweep sentenced for felony, and the oldest a "clothes woman" of 82 convicted of perjury. Perhaps the most unfortunate criminal was Thomas Chadwick, transported "for destroying

cucumber plants". Also on board was a "female highwayman" by the name of Mary Piles.

Nineteenth-century oils and engravings of Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, above, illustrate town growth. Charles Darwin, for one, was greatly impressed and wrote in 1836: "This is really a wonderful colony; ancient Rome, in her Imperial grandeur, would not have been ashamed of such an offspring."

After an instructive section on the wool trade the exhibition ends on a luxurious note. In 1888 the Orient Line offered first-class steam passage to Australia for £52. At a cruising speed of 15 knots it was guaranteed to last no longer than 34 days, 18 hours. By the end of the 1880s the Line boasted refrigeration, electric lighting and orchestras, a far cry from those earlier fleets.

See Listings, page 80.

GRAND INVASION

JANE MCKERRON

A foreign field at Aintree

The first Grand National, in 1839, was won by a horse called *Lottery*. He was aptly named. The race remains the biggest gamble in the world's jumping calendar. This year's Seagram Grand National on April 4 is also the most international yet. Among the runners tilting for the richest ever prize of £100,000 will be two horses from Czechoslovakia, one from France, one from America and 19 from Ireland.

The Czechs had a runner last year, the bold jumping *Essex*, who failed to complete the course. One of their contenders this year, *Valencio*, has already won the 1986 Czech version of the Grand National, the Grand Pardubice, a gruelling 4½ mile cross-country event, and his fellow traveller, *Zelevnik*, won three other prestigious local races in impress-

ive style. Despite early quarantine delays, by the end of February both horses were reported well and raring to go at their new temporary home at Polegate, Sussex.

Nupsula from France and *Bewley's Hill* from America are two other fancied foreign invaders. Although the French have lifted some of our flat racing's most coveted trophies since the war, they have never won at Aintree. The Americans have. Two outstanding American horses have galloped their rivals into the Aintree ground—*Jay Trump* in 1965 and *Ben Nevis* in 1980.

Although Ireland has been the nursery of so many brilliant steeplechasers, an Irish-trained horse has not, surprisingly, won the National since *L'Escargot* in 1975, so this year, ambitions from Cork to Co Kildare burn more fiercely than ever.

Since the Jockey Club's Racecourse Holdings Trust took over the running of the course a few years ago, Aintree's somewhat tottering facilities have been greatly improved. There is now a tented village, in addition to the stands, with an excellent view of the course, and attendance is rising annually by 10,000. More than 60,000 racegoers are expected to converge on the course this month—a few by Concorde from Heathrow to the airport at Liverpool Speke.

This year's home-produced fancied runners include the 1986 winner *West Tip*, partnered again by young Richard Dunwoody, hoping to complete a double in the hoofprints of *Reynoldstown* in the 1930s and *Red Rum* in the 1970s; and last year's runners-up *Young Driver* and *Classified* also compete.

PETER CLAYTON

ADDIE SINGS

As a peg to hang a concert from, an anniversary is particularly favoured. Michael Webber is thus especially pleased that this year his Duke Ellington Anniversary concert takes place at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on the very day—April 29—that would have been Duke's 88th birthday.

The music will be played by the Midnite Follies Orchestra. Its co-leaders, saxophonist Alan Cohen and pianist/trombonist Keith Nichols, both have an extraordinary flair for thinking themselves into the styles of past decades. Their sympathy with Ellington's music, with an emphasis on the 1920s and 30s, goes beyond mere re-creation. They will be helped by the singing and compering of Johnny M, who gives the impression of having dozed off in 1932.

There will be one performer who will not have to act a musical part or imagine what it was like to entertain in Harlem, Paris and London in pre-war years: Adelaide Hall, below. The concert will be almost a double anniversary, for this October 60 years will have passed since Addie made a classic record of "Creole love call" with Ellington.

She was little more than a girl then. Now in her late 70s, Adelaide Hall will be the one person present on the night who has an authentic link with that era. Her jazz roots are strong even if her voice is frailer than it was; one of her first accompanists was a young Art Tatum. Adelaide settled permanently in London more than 50 years ago, continuing to appear in revues, radio shows and concerts. When her husband died in 1963, she retreated into semi-retirement but was coaxed out of it after a few years.

It was a demurely modest comeback, and it must have been around 1970 that I spotted her name on a Lewisham Town Hall poster. The result was that my tape recorder and I went to tea with her in a little flat off the Cromwell Road. As far as I was concerned, Adelaide Hall was a star. But there were many stairs and there was no lift. So she did a wonderfully un-star-like thing: she opened a window five floors up and flung something out which landed near my feet. It was a paper bag, with her keys in it.



FREE YOUR THINKING



THE NEW RENAULT 21 SAVANNA. SPACE IN WHICH TO EXPRESS YOURSELF.

RENAULT BUILD A BETTER CAR

Open your mind to the new Renault 21 Savanna, you'll find it very moving.

The GTX for example does 121 mph, while the GT5 (itself capable of 112 mph) moves you in quite another way. At 56 mph it returns more than 54 mpg.* All Savannas have a huge 14.5 gallon fuel tank and all these figures are best in class beating Sierra, Montego and Cavalier Estates.

Suspension rides rough shod over the competition too. It's fully independent front and rear so the ride and handling is excellent. Payload is a big 500kgs. Loading is easy because there's no lip at the back to lift over and the rear shock absorbers are angled

so they allow maximum use of the space. And once inside, that's exactly what you're aware of — masses of room for both driver and passengers.

This is due to cleverly designed recessed door panels, slim pillars with a large area of glass and a high roof line.

Plus the fact that the Savanna wheelbase is 5.9 inches longer than the Renault 21 saloon. It's been purpose built for the task in hand.

Front seats are ergonomically designed and a digital stereo/radio cassette is fitted as standard.

There's a broad choice in the Savanna range. Prices begin at £7,790 and go to £9,860.

Engine sizes in the petrol versions range from 1721cc to 1995cc. Then there's a diesel at just over 2 litres.

All are front wheel drive and all have a five speed gearbox.

Options are numerous too. You can order power steering† or there's a Custom Pack‡ with tinted glass, electric front windows and remote control central locking.

Big family? Specify the Family Pack‡. This gives you an invaluable extra row of forward facing seats.

Think performance. Think space. Think freedom. Then consider the new Renault 21 Savanna.

We think you'll like it.

RENAULT
21
SAVANNA

Car shown Renault 21 Savanna GTX with optional alloy wheels. Prices (lowest at time of going to press) exclude 15% VAT Car Tax and front/rear seat belts. Number plates and delivery extra. *Official DfT figs. Renault 21 Savanna GT5 56 m.p.h. 54.3 m.p.g. (5.2 l/100km) 75 m.p.h. 49.4 m.p.g. (7.0 l/100km) urban 31 m.p.g. (9.0 l/100km). †Not available on TL or GT5 models. ‡Not available on TL model. For a brochure write to Renault U.K. Ltd, PO Box 35, Southall, Middx.

RENAULT 21 SAVANNA. FROM £7,790.



Throwing...



Enamelling...



Gilding...



Moulding...



Looking...



Learning...



...And inwardly digesting.



Wedgwood VISITOR CENTRE

At the Wedgwood Visitor Centre Barlaston, you'll find a craft centre, a museum, an art gallery, a cinema, a restaurant, 'Wedgwood Shop' and plenty of free parking. Just south of Stoke-on-Trent, it's a ten minute drive from the M6 and the trains run regularly. There's no need to book unless it's a large party, in which case please telephone the Tours Supervisor on 0782 204218/204141. The visitor centre is open throughout the year, including Bank Holidays, (closed Christmas week and New Year's Day). Times of opening: Mon-Fri: 9.00am-5.00pm; Sat: 10.00am-4.00pm. Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Limited, Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire ST12 9ES.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS NOTEBOOK

Europeans' fear of Zero Option

As expected, President Reagan responded quickly and positively to Mr Gorbachev's offer to remove all medium-range nuclear missiles from Europe. It was, after all, Mr Reagan's proposal in the first place—presented initially as the “zero option” some six years ago and again last year at Reykjavik, where it fell foul of the Soviet leader's insistence on linking it to the Star Wars programme. Now the Russians have withdrawn that condition, and the United States is eager to make a deal.

As was also to be expected, the European nations, and in particular Britain, are being rather more cautious. There is a strong feeling of vulnerability based partly on the fact that the deal will not include short-range missiles (which can easily reach London), partly on the awareness of the Warsaw Pact's overwhelming superiority in conventional forces, partly on the suspicion that cheating might not be detectable and partly on the fear that the removal of American nuclear weapons from Europe will lead to a lessening of the US commitment to its defence. It is on this commitment, based on the strength of the US nuclear arsenal, that the defence of the western European democracies has rested since the end of the Second World War.

Europe has still not found any satisfactory way of reducing this dependence. There is thus great concern in London at the prospect of any agreement that does not take into account Soviet superiority in the deployment of short-range systems and in conventional forces, and that does not have reliable arrangements for verification. Mr Gorbachev has undoubtedly changed his ground since last year's summit but there can be no doubt that one of his country's major long-term objectives, that of severing the defences of the United States and Europe, is still much in his mind. The British Prime Minister will be asking some tough questions during her visit to Moscow.



Who should join Nelson?

The current spring cleaning of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square has provided a rare opportunity to see the statue in close-up. As our photograph shows, it is more than three times larger than life and badly in need of a scrub. It is a rather fine work, carved in stone by E. H. Baily, and it has always seemed rather odd that the powers of the day should have decided to commemorate one of our greatest men by putting his statue on top of a tall column, 170 feet high, where no one can see it.

Closer to the ground within the Square are six other memorials, all of them more noticeable now that Nelson's column and the Landseer lions are hidden behind scaffolding, protected, as the public is warned, by “anti-climb” paint. Three of the six are large-scale statues on plinths (General Sir Charles

James Napier, Major-General Sir Henry Havelock and King George IV on horseback), and the others are smaller bronze busts (the Admirals Early Beatty, Earl Jellicoe and Viscount Cunningham) set in the north wall. One large plinth on the north-west corner still stands empty, and there is room for another five busts along the north wall.

Is it not time we filled these up with other heroic figures? Recent suggestions have included Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding and Field Marshal Lord Alexander, and there must be others who need proper commemoration. And while we're at it, perhaps George IV should be moved. He was only put in Trafalgar Square temporarily (his statue was originally designed for the top of Marble Arch when it stood in front of Buckingham Palace), and he was nobody's hero.

Curtain up for Theatre Museum

The Theatre Museum has been one of the longest non-running shows in town. The collection began within the Victoria & Albert Museum in the early years of this century and active planning for a separate museum has been going on for at least 30 years. In the 1970s a director, Alexander Schouvaloff, was appointed, and pre-

parations began for the housing of the museum in Somerset House. But the available space was small and the departure of the market from Covent Garden gave the director a great opportunity to put his museum in the old flower market in the heart of theatreland. Even when this was secured the project was twice stopped for reasons of economy. Then an anonymous donor stepped in with a gift of £250,000, construction was begun and on April 23 the museum will at last be formally opened by Princess Margaret.

It promises to be an exciting place for anyone remotely susceptible to the spell of the theatre. As the visitor enters from Russell Street he will be dramatically confronted with the huge gilded *Spirit of Gaiety*, the figure that once stood proudly over the Victorian Gaiety Theatre on the corner of Aldwych and the Strand, and will pay his entrance fee at a box office rescued from the old Duchess of York Theatre. On the ground floor there will also be a shop and a café/wine bar in a stage setting.

The museum occupies only one quarter of the ground floor but it has the whole of the basement, and it is here that the main collections will be housed and exhibited. These comprise a vast hoard of historical memorabilia dating back to the 17th century—playbills, programmes, letters, manuscripts, photographs, prompt books, original stage designs, props, paintings and costumes—which will be displayed in three galleries, one a semi-permanent record of the performing arts and the others for temporary exhibitions. There is also a paintings gallery and a small platform theatre, fitted with 85 of those swivelling seats from the Albert Hall—renovated, the museum says, though some seem to have retained the squeaks that used to be so disconcerting during the slow movements of innumerable piano and violin concertos.

ILN award for restaurants

The Illustrated London News will shortly be introducing a new award for the best restaurant in London. Nominations will be invited from those who are known to eat out regularly in the capital, from our contributors and columnists, and from our readers. A judging panel of well-known experts on the subject of food and dining out will produce a short-list from which they will then choose an outright winner. Readers who have a favourite restaurant they would like to be considered are invited to send their nominations now, listing the name and address of the restaurant (which must be in the Greater London area), with a brief reason for their choice, to: *The Illustrated London News*, (restaurant award), 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, February 9

The Government announced a major relaxation of planning controls in the countryside to shift the balance away from agricultural productivity and to give weight to environmental and economic implications for rural development.

Tuesday, February 10

Soviet authorities pardoned 140 dissidents as part of a review of sentences imposed for anti-government services. A further 140 cases and 1,000 exit visa refusals were also being reviewed.

England won the World Series Cup of one-day cricket internationals in Australia beating the home country 3-0 in the final play-offs.

Wednesday, February 11

The 65p partly-paid shares in British Airways closed after the first day of trading at 107p.

Striking telephone engineers voted to end their 17-day dispute after accepting a 12.2 per cent pay deal, spread over two years, and agreeing to more flexible working practices.

Ms Cynthia Payne was acquitted by an Inner London Crown Court jury on nine charges of controlling prostitutes at her home in Streatham, south London.

Friday, February 13

AIS jury ordered the Ho Khun Khan and six of its members to pay £7 million damages to the family

of a black man who had been lynched in 1981.

Saturday, February 14

A UN convoy broke the three-month siege of the Beirut al-Barajneh refugee camp by Shi'ite Muslim Amal gunmen to deliver 15 tons of food and 7500 of dried milk to 30,000 starving Palestinians.

The rate of inflation in the UK rose to 3.9 per cent in January.

Tuesday, February 17

Charles Hargrave's Puma Fal parry pulled most votes in the Irish general election but failed to win an overall parliamentary majority by three seats in the Dail.

A High Court judge halted the Government's attempt to expel 58 Tamils, said to have come from Bangladesh with forged passports, by granting an injunction pending a review of the order.

The Government rejected a £500 million plan for a new town at Tillingham Hall in the Essex green belt.

An ecclesiastical court ruled that a 10 ton marble sculpture by Henry Moore was suitable as an altar for the church of St Stephen, Walbrook in the City of London.

Wednesday, February 18

A prominent Soviet dissident, Anatoly Koryagin, was released from a Kiev prison after serving half of a 12-year sentence imposed for "anti-Soviet

propaganda". The following Friday the Jewish dissident Yossi Regan was also freed.

The Greek composer Vangelis was cleared by a High Court judge of stealing Stavros Leontidis's music for his hit theme for *Chorus of Fire*.

Thursday, February 19

The Government gave the go-ahead for the take-over of Leyland Trucks and Freight Rover by the Dutch company IAF.

Sir Hugh Carlsson Greene, a former Director General of the BBC, died aged 76.

Friday, February 20

Graham Cook, who was left totally paralysed, speechless and partially deaf by an industrial accident, was awarded record personal injury damages in the High Court of £850,000.

Scotland Yard anti-terrorist squad detectives discovered two IRA caches of explosives and arms in Cheshire which they believed were intended for attacks in England.

Ten people were detained in Wolverhampton after disturbances following the death of a man as he was being arrested for using a stolen credit card in the city centre.

Saturday, February 21

France beat England 19-15 in the rugby international at Twickenham, and Scotland beat Ireland 16-12 at Murrayfield.

Sunday, February 22

French police seized four members of the Marxist terrorist organization Action Directe after a raid on a farm at Viry-au-Loup, near Orleans.

At least 4,000 Syrian troops moved into west Beirut in an effort to halt the militia forces between Shia Muslims and Druse-led left forces in the Lebanese capital.

Lloyd Hoeslyman retired his world water-weight boxing title at Wembley when his fight with the American Johnny Humphreys was stopped in the second round.

Andy Warhol, the pop artist, died aged 55.

Monday, February 23

A High Court ruling in Leeds said that Bradford City Football Club and the former West Yorkshire County Council were both legally responsible for the fire at the club in May 1985 in which 56 people died and more than 200 were injured.

Tuesday, February 24

26 people including 18 Hizbollah supporters and three Shia Islam militants were killed by Syrian soldiers in the Baza district of west Beirut.

Robert Maxwell's Mirror Group launched the London Daily News as a rival to The Evening Standard. Associated Newspapers responded by relaunching the Evening News which had merged with the Standard in 1980.

An Oxford student lost a High Court appeal to stop his former girl-friend from having an abortion.

The Home Office announced that it had traced six alleged Nazi war criminals living in Britain from a list of 17 suspects supplied by the Simon Wiesenthal Foundation.

Wednesday, February 25

The ban on showing the BBC Zircon spy satellite film to MPs at Westminster was ended by the Speaker, Bernard Weatherill. The High Court also lifted an injunction preventing the journalist Duncan Campbell from disclosing information on the project.

A Government Green Paper suggested that three new national commercial radio channels, designed to break the BBC's current monopoly, could be set up by the mid-1990s.

Norman Fowler, the Secretary of State for Social Services, announced an £18 million a year national programme to screen all women aged between 50 and 64 for breast cancer once every three years.

Thursday, February 26

The Tower Commission, which had been appointed to investigate the diversion of Iranian arms funds to the Contras in Nicaragua, concluded that in spite of President Reagan's explicit denial the sales of arms to Iran were designed to secure the release of US hostages in Beirut. It also said the President did not exert proper control over his subordinates though he had not indulged in any kind of cover-up.

The SDP/Liberal Alliance candidate, Rosie Barnes, won the Greenwich by-election with a majority of 6,611 over Labour, who had held the seat since 1974.

Dutch salvage operators, Smit Tak International, began work on the Townsend Thoresen ferry, Herald of Free Enterprise, two days after it capsized outside Zeebrugge on March 6. 155 passengers, mostly Britons, drowned as water rushed into the ferry causing it to roll over. There were 408 survivors; some were rescued by helicopters and a flotilla of ships, and others by divers who worked in the hull for many hours in freezing conditions. An official inquiry was launched into the disaster. First reports indicated that the ferry left the Belgian port with its loading doors still open.

sent more than 60 years.

The General Synod of the Church of England voted to proceed with legislation for the ordination of women as priests.

The Soviet Union ended its 19 month moratorium on nuclear tests by exploding a nuclear device at Semipalatinsk, Soviet Central Asia.

Michael Checkland was appointed director-general of the BBC.

Friday, February 27

Donald Regan, White House Chief of Staff, resigned following criticism in the Tower report. He was replaced by former senator Howard Baker.

Seven Royal Air Force servicemen were killed in the Falklands when an RAF Chinook helicopter crashed a few miles from the new Mount Pleasant air base.

Sir Kenneth Newman announced his retirement as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in August. He will be succeeded by his deputy, Peter Imbert.

Saturday, February 28

The Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev, proposed the elimination of all medium-range nuclear weapons in Europe and dropped his demand that the US should curtail its Star Wars programme before such an agreement could be reached.

The Lebanese terrorist leader Georges Ibrahim Abdallah was sentenced by a special seven-judge court in Paris to life imprisonment for complicity in murder and attempted murder of two Americans and an Israeli diplomat.

Sunday, March 1

Five people died and more than 117 were injured when a charterist fell to the ground in the French Pyrenees ski resort of Lior-Ardennes.

Monday, March 2

The Home Office announced that it would agree to review the claims of each detainee in the Tamil refugee controversy.

A state of emergency was declared in northern New Zealand as a series of earthquakes wrecked buildings, roads and bridges in an area around the Bay of Plenty.

Juan Greenwood, the actress, died aged 65. Randolph Scott, the Hollywood film star, died aged 89.

Tuesday, March 3

Douglas Hard, the Home Secretary, announced new curbs on people seeking asylum in Britain and that shipping and airlines carrying passengers without travel documents would be fined £1,000.

Tony Newton, Minister of Health, said prescription charges would rise by 20p from April 1 to £2.40.

Bettino Craxi, the Italian prime minister, resigned after three and a half years at the head of the coalition government because of a recent worsening in relations between the five coalition parties.

William Webster, former director of the FBI, was nominated as the new head of the CIA.

Danny Kaye, the American entertainer, died aged 74.

Wednesday, March 4

President Reagan admitted in a nationwide broadcast that his Iran arms initiative "deteriorated" into an arms-for-hostages deal and that "it was a mistake".

British boxer Terry Marsh won the International Boxing Federation world light-welterweight title after stopping the American champion Joe Manley in the 10th round of their fight in Baddow, Essex.

Friday, March 6

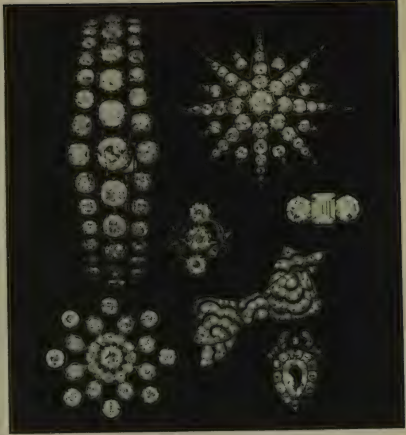
155 people died when a Townsend Thoresen ferry capsized outside the Belgian port of Zeebrugge. 408 passengers and crew members survived.

The Labour party retained the European parliamentary seat of Midlands West but their candidate, John Birt, had a greatly reduced majority over the Conservatives.

Saturday, March 7

Wales beat England 19-12 in the rugby union international at Cardiff Arms Park and France beat Scotland 28-22 at the Parc des Princes in Paris.

Dennis Audries, the British boxer, lost his WBC light-heavyweight title when he was stopped in the 10th round by Thomas Hearns in Detroit.



Whether you wish to buy or sell Fine Jewellery, our unique Jewellery Consultancy Service can be important to you. The following extracts from clients' letters speak for themselves:

"A brief but very warm thank you for the lovely cheque you sent in respect of the emerald and diamond pendant earrings you sold for me recently. It was a pleasant surprise, but my real thanks to you are for the gentle reception you gave me when I brought them in and your quiet understanding of the whole affair. I shall not forget. Thank you again."

"Thank you so much for your cheque which awaited me on my return from London. It is always so nice coming to see you, and knowing one is dealing with someone you can completely trust. Makes all the difference."

When you wish to sell your jewellery, Richard Ogden will give you highest possible prices for an immediate sale. Alternatively he will display it for you, insured free, at retail prices in his windows, the only charge being a fee payable when it is sold.

Richard Ogden

International Jeweller
28 & 29 Burlington Arcade Piccadilly London W1

Specialist in Probate and Valuation
Antique Silver also purchased at highest possible prices
For an appointment please telephone 01 493 9136/7 or 6239

On request: Wedding Ring Leaflet free.
Complete Ring Brochure £1 - refundable with purchase.



TURNER FINDS A HOME AT LAST



On April 1 the Queen will open the Clore Gallery for the Turner Collection. This L-shaped addition to the Tate Gallery is designed by James Stirling and made possible by a £6 million grant from the Clore Foundation. It will house not only the Tate's collection of 300 Turner oil paintings but also 20,000 drawings and watercolours. As its curator

Andrew Wilton explains below, this far exceeds the expectations of Britain's most celebrated painter, let alone the provisions of his much misunderstood will.



The opening of the new Clore Gallery for the Turner Collection on Millbank is hailed by some people as the long-delayed fulfilment of the artist's own wishes, and the endowment of the nation with a benefaction too long denied it. It is pleasant to believe that we are the generation who are finally honouring Turner's intentions and reaping the full rewards that he wished to confer on the public. But the matter is not as simple as that. Turner, after all, was not a simple character.

His life's work is among the greatest of any artist's legacies to Western culture, and has been consistently admired since his own time. Yet it was poorly understood while he was alive and still is, even by those who admire it most. He is regarded as the type of the progressive artist, the great original who anticipated Impressionism, abstraction, and much else that we regard as typically "modern". Yet he was almost obsessively concerned with the art of the past, a dyed-in-the-wool academic, imitating favourite Old Masters to the end of his life, and a jackdaw-like picker-up of other painters' styles and subject-matter. There were even moments when he seemed afraid of launching out into anything new of his own.

Part of the explanation of all this lies, no doubt, in his background. He was evidently a genius, even as a child, but his family could not offer him the kind of environment best suited to his development. His father, to be sure, thought much of him and encouraged him to the best of his ability, but he was only a barber, occupying a small dark shop and premises in a narrow street off Covent Garden. All through his youth, until his career was well and truly launched, William lived at home, where his younger sister Mary Ann died at the age of seven, and their mother, given to terrible unbalanced rages, gradually sank into permanent mental instability.

It is true that he quickly found friends and patrons outside that claustrophobic world, and by the time he was 24 had acquired a mistress and set up home and studio elsewhere. Although Sarah Danby bore him two daughters he never settled down with her, and indeed he seems to have kept them all more or less at arm's length. She was a musician's widow who already had four children, and Turner was no doubt reluctant to sacrifice the professional life that was at the heart of his existence to the demands of a large family. In any case, personal relationships, especially those with women, were none too easy for him. He was self-conscious about his "fittleness", his rather coarse appearance and his London accent; he disliked having his portrait taken because "no one would believe such a little

RECONSTRUCTION BY MARK

Right, J. M. W. Turner's
*Ancient Rome: Agrippina landing
with the Ashes of Germanicus*,
1839, exemplifies his preoccupation
with classical themes.

Below, *Self Portrait*, oil on canvas,
c1898, when the artist was 23.
All his life Turner was self-conscious
about his "littleness".

⇒ fellow painted these pictures". So he concentrated on his work, on the commissions which kept him occupied in his studio and the frequent sketching tours which regularly replenished his stock of subject-matter. There was no lack of demand for landscape subjects: great houses, cathedrals, ruined castles, the coasts of southern England, the mountains of Wales or Scotland. But his great ambition was to be accepted by the art establishment in London, which meant becoming a member of the Royal Academy.

This he did at the age of 27; and that year he sealed his commitment to the Academy's exalted ideas of art by visiting the Continent and coming home laden with sketches of the grand sights of the Alps and notes on the Old Master paintings in the Louvre. All these he wove into monumental statements of the range

and power of nature—and of his own genius: storms and floods, apocalyptic scenes of destruction based on Poussin or sweeping, idealized landscapes in the style of Claude. He wanted the world to know that he could paint anything; and that his particular branch of painting, landscape (usually considered an inferior form of art), was capable of the utmost in emotional and intellectual force.

What with commissions for large paintings from members of the aristocracy and endless demands for topographical watercolours, of which he was undisputedly the supreme master, he was soon well enough off to construct for himself a large gallery, which he proceeded to open annually to the public—he did not lack self-confidence there. But when an unknown young painter bowled the Academy over

with something new, Turner's instinctive reaction was to imitate him, however different his subject-matter. In 1806 the 21-year-old Scotsman David Wilkie showed a rustic interior in the manner of the Dutch genre painters and Turner immediately followed up with his own essay in the style; *A Country Blacksmith disputing on the Price of Iron, and the Price charged to the Butcher for shoeing his Pony*. All his life he made a point of letting his audience know that his pictures were about specific people in real-life situations. It was quite appropriate that he should paint genre subjects which reflected his real concern with ordinary human life.

It was equally typical that it took another artist to push him into doing it. As late as the 1830s, when he was nearly 60, he began to paint Venice; but he did so with none of the airy freedom and originality of his most famous views of the city, but as an imitator of Canaletto. His first oil-painting of Venice, produced 15 years after he went there, is in fact an explicit "homage to Canaletto", showing the great *vedutista* at work in the foreground of the picture. The urge to copy others, "not to be outdone", was an essential part of his ambitious determination to shine in everything he undertook. It seems paradoxical to us in the 20th century, when so much store is set by "originality", that such a truly original genius should have been so profoundly dependent on imitation. In the last year of his life he was still painting classical subjects under the influence of Claude.

And his creative impulses were not confined to painting. When he was in his early 30s one of his fellow Academicians, the Irish portrait-painter Martin Archer Shee (not much of an artist), scored a success with a book of satirical verse that he had published. Turner, who had dabbled in poetry from an early age, immediately embarked on the composition of poems of all sorts—love-lyrics, satires, elegies, long verse travelogues—and took to printing extracts in the Academy catalogues, where it was accepted that poetry

might accompany or embellish a title. In 1812, with his great canvas of *Snow storm: Hannibal and his army crossing the Alps*, he ascribed his quotation to a "Manuscript Poem, Fallacies of Hope". Scraps of this non-existent work were to appear in the catalogues frequently for the rest of his life, but such was the inadequacy of his versification that it attracted nothing but ridicule.

For Turner was always clumsy with words. His mind teemed with ideas, verbal as well as pictorial, and when he wrote a letter to a friend he could cram it with lively observations, wit and wordplay of all kinds. But often both verse and prose were incomprehensibly muddled; and even his spoken remarks, at times, proceeded from so pro-

foundly personal a train of thought that they were baffling to his hearers. At his ease, among close friends, he was the life and soul of any party; elsewhere, he acquired a reputation for curmudgeonly awkwardness.

Similarly, he became known as a miser. His generosity is well attested by his friends and colleagues, but he was undoubtedly careful with his money, brought up by a father who "never praised me for anything but saving a shilling". He lived very simply, and was notorious for never giving dinners. A bottle of brown sherry kept for visitors did not change from one year to the next. His house in Queen Anne Street, off Harley Street, became dingy and unkempt, a byword for gloomy neglect. As one person remembered it

at the end of Turner's life, it "presented the appearance of a place in which some great crime had been committed".

The men who were employed to engrave his innumerable water-colour designs as illustrations to various "Picturesque Tours" found him extremely unwilling to raise their fees for extra hours of laborious work. On the other hand he taught them all he knew about the art, and turned them into a school of line-engravers who brought the medium to a final superb flowering in the first half of the 19th century, just before it was overtaken by photography. He was always willing to share his knowledge with those who could appreciate it and use it, but for the rest of the world he preserved

impenetrable secrecy, making his sketches "by stealth", as someone remarked, and refusing his friends admittance to his studio.

So there grew a legend of the mystery and inscrutability of his working methods. Yet in the second half of his life he would regularly give the most astonishing performances during the Academy's vernal days, sending to the exhibition canvases that were mere blank lay-ins which he worked up on the walls into glowing masterpieces, before an audience of amazed and impressed colleagues. "They looked more like some of the transformation scenes at the pantomime than anything else," one of them said. The difference between lay-in and finished work illustrates the richness of Turner's

mind and the subtlety of his vision: however we may admire his sketches today for their "abstraction", they can never tell us all that he wished to say. To believe that he intended them to be seen by others as finished statements is to misunderstand his art. Even the most schematic of them often contain indications of the crowds of figures with which he loved to people his views. They prove that the activities of human beings in their natural environment are the very kernel of his meaning.

That meaning is particularly evident in his finished watercolours, like the long series of *Picturesque Views in England and Wales* which occupied him for a decade from 1825, and which seems to lie at ⇒



Right, *Old London Bridge*, c 1796: one of the thousands of watercolours which set new standards for the medium. They and engravings from them sold so well that Turner never needed to part with his oils.

»→ the heart of his achievement. They are technically original works, complex, witty, full of the life that he always loved to record, a comprehensive survey of the phenomena of nature and of man's place in the universe. They became a measure by which all watercolours were judged, and have been ever since. Over the course of his career he did so well out of the sale of his watercolours and the engravings that were made from them that he was not forced to sell his paintings, though he had plenty of enthusiastic patrons, and noblemen pursued him for years hoping vainly to buy famous canvases like *Dido building Carthage* or *Crossing the Brook*.

But they were never sold. Turner kept them, along with many other finished works, for a purpose that was gradually shaping in his mind. He had been buying pictures back when they came up at auction, accumulating a complete record of his life's output, which he guarded jealously at Queen Anne Street, though the skylights fell into disrepair, the rain poured in and canvases and frames disintegrated. In a will he wrote just after his father's death in 1829 he bequeathed two pictures to the National Gallery, to hang in perpetuity alongside works by Claude—a gesture of triumph, surely, which indicates that he felt his prime object was achieved: he had produced pictures that would stand comparison with the acknowledged master of ideal landscape. There can be no doubt that, in fact, he thought he had excelled Claude. Even so, Claude was his yardstick—an artist who had died 200 years earlier.

Gradually the plan came into clearer focus: a later will, and various codicils drafted at different times, stipulated that all the finished pictures in his studio were to become national property, and shown free to the public in a separate room to be called "Turner's Gallery". Yet there was another part of his will that was perhaps even more important to him: he wanted to set up almshouses for indigent painters—"decayed English artists (Landscape Painters only) and single men", as he stipu-

lated. He had long before bought some land at Twickenham for the purpose. He had been an active member of the Artists' General Benevolent Association since its foundation, and always took the liveliest interest in matters relating to the welfare of professional colleagues. His sense of comradeship with them, through the Academy and these other bodies, was as important a motive as his belief in his own art.

He died in December, 1851, 76 years old, a recluse, living obscurely with his housekeeper Mrs Booth by the Thames at Chelsea, under any assumed name that would stave off comment—"Admiral Booth" was the usual one, because of his unquenchable fondness for staring at the river. Mrs Booth tended him to the end, while Hannah Danby, a pathetic niece of Sarah's, dealt with the tradesmen and inquisitive art lovers at Queen Anne Street and fed her army of ugly Manx cats. But both women had been left out of his will. So had all the rest of his family—his surviving daughter, his numerous cousins. Within a month they had begun a suit contesting the will, arguing that Turner was of unsound mind, and pointing out an absurd flaw in the drafting of one of the clauses concerning the land at Twickenham. Turner had nominated as executors a group of old friends, colleagues and patrons to whom he left, typically, a token payment of £19 19s because of the duty charged on all bequests of £20 and over. With such meagre encouragement they exerted themselves little to fight the artist's cause against his relations, and in 1856 a Decree of the Court of Chancery announced a compromise

settlement: all Turner's property—land, houses, Government stock—was divided among the family; all original works by him, surviving in the house at Queen Anne Street, went to the National Gallery.

And so his dearest wish, to establish a charitable foundation for his brother artists, came to nothing. But the nation acquired far more of his works than he had ever intended. His specification was that the 100 finished paintings in his studio should go to the National Gallery; in practice these, together with 200 sketches and studies in oil and nearly 300 sketchbooks and thousands of drawings and watercolours, were included in the transfer. The National Gallery, understandably, did not have room adequately to display so much material; but thanks largely to the tireless and dedicated labours of his ardent apostle and advocate John Ruskin the collection was sifted and sorted and made presentable, and over the years handsome selections were exhibited in Trafalgar Square, at South Kensington and elsewhere.

The establishment of the National Gallery for British Art at Millbank towards the end of the century helped matters, especially after Sir Joseph Duveen's gift in 1910 of a suite of galleries specifically for the display of the Turner collection; but there was never space for the works on paper, which were stored in a basement. In 1928 the Thames flooded the basement, forcing the authorities to reconsider the matter, and all the drawings and sketches were transferred to the national collection of works on paper at the British Museum.

That, it was thought, was a permanent solution; but in recent years

there has been a growing awareness that Turner needed more coherent exposure than he was receiving. This was largely a result of the bicentenary exhibition held at the Royal Academy in 1974-75, a joint undertaking of the Tate Gallery and the British Museum which presented paintings, sketchbooks, watercolours and prints together in a way that had never been attempted before. It was felt that such a display ought to be made permanent. The general misunderstanding of Turner's will which led people to think that he had intended all his works to be shown together encouraged much sentimental support for the project. If we are really to honour the will, we must contemplate the erection of almshouses for unsuccessful male English landscape artists. But it was Turner's own family, not, as is popularly supposed, the officials of the National Gallery, who undermined the provisions of his will.

That is all past history, and our concern is to present Turner as he needs to be seen today. The new extension of the Tate Gallery, built with a generous gift from the Clore Foundation to a design by James Stirling, supplies facilities which will make this possible. All the oil paintings will be visible; and while many sketchbooks and drawings will also be exhibited in changing exhibitions, there is a Study Room in which all the works on paper can be seen in quiet surroundings and good daylight, with a reference library and much related material. It is far more than the single room that Turner envisaged, and relates only tenuously to his stated wishes; but it will do him proud ○



A The man who discovered that Austin Reed is just the ticket.

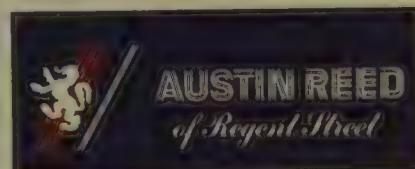


FREE AIR TICKETS Two tickets for the price of one, to almost 20 international destinations on flights from October* onwards when you spend £300 (or only £250 on an Austin Reed chargecard) at any branch of Austin Reed before 20 June. This can either be a single purchase or cumulative, provided the first purchase is for £50 or over.

For example, you and a partner could fly with British Caledonian from Gatwick to New York, Paris, Lagos, Geneva or Dallas and only pay for one ticket.

For full details of this unique Austin Reed offer, pick up a leaflet at any branch.

*Flights between 1 October 1987 and 31 March 1988, excluding 12-24 December inclusive.



You too can become the best dressed man in New York or almost anywhere in the world.



190E 2.6: TOP SPEED 134 MPH (MANUFACTURER'S TEST TRACK FIGURE). THE 190 SERIES ALSO INCLUDES THE 190, 190E, 190E 2.3-16, 190D, 190D 2.5.

**The new Mercedes-Benz 190E 2.6
will handle as well as any car in the 190 series.
Even at 134mph.**

The new Mercedes-Benz 190E 2.6 is a driver's car par excellence. Adding a superlative six-cylinder engine to the handling virtues pioneered by the 190 series creates a new performance dimension for compact cars, yet all you might notice are two exhaust pipes instead of one.

You will appreciate more from the driving seat. Tremendous response from the 166-horsepower engine and breathtaking acceleration are just part of the story. So complete is the smoothness and quietness that the 190E 2.6 is in a class of its own. At low revs or high, the electronically-controlled engine's demeanour remains flawless, whether you've chosen the five-speed manual transmission or the two-programme, four-speed automatic.

There are many other ways the smallest Mercedes-Benz displays the finesse of the bigger models in the range. For all the handy compactness of its shape, the 190 is engineered to provide the open road poise, comfort, stability and security of a larger car. Yet its handling stays effortless and inspiring. One motoring writer called the communication from the unique suspension system "virtually perfect."

These qualities apply to all 190 models (besides the new six, you may choose from two four-cylinder engines or two diesels). Because the body's design blends Mercedes-Benz elegance with outstanding aerodynamics, each model provides its own impressive balance of performance and economy. A combination that not only applies to the 190E 2.6 but also to the super-efficient, 108 mph, 190D 2.5 diesel.

Painstaking attention to detail in the 190's construction ensures that its level of occupant protection is unsurpassed. Even the pedals swing away from the driver in a crash. The control layout, vision and interior comfort have been approached equally meticulously. Everything is geared to relieving stress regardless of journey length or driving conditions. A vast boot and four doors also make the 190 a sports saloon in which a family can travel.

Add to these aspects the build quality, durability and reliability of a manufacturer whose name is synonymous with supreme quality and you get something else: exceptional value, now and when the time comes to sell. In short, the 190 series has everything you want from a compact car, with everything you expect of a Mercedes-Benz.



Engineered like no other car in the world.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE POIROT CONNEXION

Did Sherlock Holmes ever meet Hercule Poirot? It is their possible encounter that gives peculiar interest to this sensational story involving a Minister of the Crown. It was found among the papers of Poirot's friend Captain Arthur Hastings, who recorded a number of the great Belgian detective's cases. Why should an affair involving Sherlock Holmes and narrated by Dr Watson be among the Hastings papers? Perhaps the narrative itself answers the question. It is a remarkable coincidence that this affair should come to light in the centenary year of Holmes's first case. The papers, which are unfortunately not quite complete, have been made available to the *ILN* by Julian Symons.

Sherlock Holmes would shake his head when I mentioned the name of Mulready, and say the world was not yet prepared to hear about an affair that involved a chief Minister of the Crown, secret papers and the threat of war. Yet it can do no harm to set down the extraordinary series of events involving the inhabitants of Mulready House, while they remain fresh in my mind.

It was an autumn morning a couple of years before Holmes's retirement and I had spent the night with my old friend in Baker Street. Breakfast was finished, he had done with the papers, and was roaming about the room talking discursively as was his wont, when he stopped at the window.

"Halloa, Watson. Our humble lodgings are about to be unusually honoured."

"Holmes, if you are going to give me some of those far-fetched deductions about—"

Holmes laughed, "No, no, my dear fellow. It is true that when I see a man being driven up in the latest model of Rolls-Royce motorcar, and when that vehicle has a crest on the door panel, I know a person of some distinction is likely to step out of it. But in fact I recognized the man himself. It is Lord Rivington."

A moment later our Secretary for War was in the room. His face was familiar to me through many photographs and cartoons, but none had done full justice to the force in those craggy features, the intensity of the deep-set eyes behind the bushy brows. He looked from one of us to the other.

"Mr Holmes, I have come to ask your help in a matter of great importance and one that is absolutely confidential."

I rose, but Holmes stopped me. "You may speak in Dr Watson's presence as freely as you would if I were alone."

"Nevertheless—" Sherlock Holmes was filling his pipe. He said nothing. Lord Rivington looked at him fiercely, then shrugged. "Very well, there is no time for argument. You are aware that negotiations are going on between this country and France that involve a plan for joint action if the Kaiser's sabre-rattling should turn to the drawing of swords?"

"I know what is said in the newspapers, nothing more."

"The negotiations have reached a most delicate stage. You can imagine my feelings when I discovered through our Intelligence Service that everything we have discussed was known in Berlin, down to the last detail. And it was shown to me quite inescapably that the information must have reached Germany through the office of the man in charge of the negotiations, Sir

Charles Mulready. He is one of my oldest friends, we were at school and the Varsity together. I could swear that he is a man of honour. Yet these papers have passed through no hands but his. You may ask how I can be so sure of this, Mr Holmes. The answer is simple. I heard it yesterday from Sir Charles's own lips."

"Nobody in his office had access to them?"

"Nobody. They were kept in a safe, and were under lock and key when he took them home. And there has been no betrayal from the French side." Lord Rivington coughed. "Allies may have their own secrets. Certain matters mentioned in memoranda accompanying the documents have not been discussed with the French, yet these, too, are known in Berlin. They have not been stolen, hence they must have been either copied or photographed."

Holmes had been following with the keenest attention. "Does Sir Charles have any family links with Germany?"

"There you've hit it, Mr Holmes. He married a German lady who had been left a widow with a young son when her husband, Count von Brankel, was killed in a hunting accident. The boy Hans has been brought up as if he were Charles's own son. He is intelligent but, I fear, not manly. He was expelled from his public school—I am sure I need not enter into details. Then he studied medicine for a year, but gave it up and expressed a wish to become a stage actor, something which of course could not be countenanced. Accordingly he follows no profession, lives at home and sponges on his family. They have a daughter of their own, Lilian, who has some ridiculous idea that women should be allowed to vote, and that what she calls weapons of murder should be abolished. My friends have not been fortunate in their children."

"One more question. Am I right in thinking that our French allies would be interested in the memoranda they have not seen?"

For a moment the Secretary for War looked surprised. "Possibly, but the relations between our countries are entirely friendly. Monsieur Calamy, who is handling the negotiations, is in London and staying at Mulready House." Holmes nodded.

"And now I come to the tragic climax. A draft known as Plan X has been prepared, setting out in detail our military and naval commitments to France in the event of war. Together with it was a memorandum about the defence of Britain which was for our eyes only, not those of M Calamy. Both of these were in Sir Charles's possession. Yesterday, when what had been suspicions became certainties, I asked

him to come and see me. He had been away from Whitehall corridors for a couple of days with an attack of gout, but he limped along to see me and I told him what I had learned. He behaved as I would have expected, was first incredulous and then horrified. He protested his innocence and I believed him." The great head bent down for a moment, then he looked from one of us to the other in despair. "Yet last night he made a confession of guilt, not in words but in his actions. He took an overdose of a medicine he used to ease his sufferings from gout. And there is worse to say. Both Plan X and the memorandum were with him, taken home for study. Both are missing."

A few minutes later we were sitting in the Rolls-Royce, on the way to the Mulready home in Mayfair. The blinds were drawn over the long windows, and within the house we felt the sombre atmosphere of sudden death. Lord Rivington led the way up to Sir Charles's suite, separated from his wife's by a dressing room.

"Lady Mulready found him in pain at some time in the night and immediately called his doctor, whose name is Cardew. He said Sir Charles must have suffered an acute attack of gout and taken an overdose of his medicine, but I fear the act was deliberate."

"I know Dr Cardew," I said. "A most reliable practitioner." I approached the bed where the body lay, decently covered by a sheet, and looked at the distorted features. An empty glass stood on a bedside table, with a bottle beside it, perhaps one-third full, labelled "Colnatium". "This is a medicine often used for gout. It contains colchicum, which relieves the pain. I see no unusual circumstances here."

"Do you not, Watson?" Holmes had been prowling the room and the dressing room beyond, examining pictures, ornaments, a pipe rack, using his magnifying glass to look closely at a bureau in the dressing room. Now he, too, lifted the sheet, then looked carefully at the glass and bottle, tipping the latter and holding it to the light.

"Colchicum is a poison, like many plants and flowers that play a part in relieving pain. Yellow jasmine, spotted hemlock, the foxglove, the calabar bean and the paternos-ter pea—these can be as deadly as the poppy or laburnum seeds. I have in preparation a little pamphlet called *The Poison Garden* which should be useful to every medical practitioner. And colchicum may ease pain in small quantities, but in larger ones it can kill. Did you remark the amount of precipitation

in that bottle, Watson? It should not be there, and there are marks of sediment in the glass. Somebody added more colchicum to the bottle and made this gout remedy a poisonous drink."

I looked again at the bottle. "Holmes, you are right. But how—?"

"That is what we must discover. And colchicum is bitter, the first taste should have warned Sir Charles." He turned to Lord Rivington. "I take it that Plan X and the memorandum were kept in the dressing room bureau. The lock has been picked, skilfully, but scratches show under the magnifying glass. Perhaps we may now talk to Lady Mulready."

The widow was a tall, stately, grey-haired lady. Lord Rivington called her Ilse, and she addressed him as Gerald. She greeted Holmes warmly. ➤➤➤

HE WAS AN ODD-LOOKING LITTLE FELLOW, VERY SHORT, HIS HEAD A PERFECT EGG SHAPE. HIS HAIR WAS VERY BLACK AND PARTED IN THE MIDDLE, HIS MOUSTACHES LONG AND POINTED.





I APPROACHED THE
BED WHERE THE BODY
LAY, DECENTLY COVERED
BY A SHEET. AN EMPTY
GLASS STOOD ON A
BEDSIDE TABLE, WITH A
BOTTLE BESIDE IT
LABELLED 'COLNATIUM'.

»— "Mr Holmes, I know what Lord Rivington believes, but I can assure you he is wrong. I am a German and proud of my ancestry, and I know my husband's equal pride in being British. Some terrible mistake has been made."

"I believe we shall find an explanation that will be entirely honourable to his name. If you could tell me what happened yesterday after his return from Whitehall I should be grateful."

"My husband told me little or nothing of political affairs. When he returned home I could see that he was upset, but he said nothing of the cause and I have learned that it is useless to ask. He remained in his private rooms until dinner. We were five at table, our children, Hans and Lilian, and M Calamy making up the rest of the party. It was not a cheerful meal. My husband's gout was troubling him and he hardly spoke, except when Lilian provoked him by talking about a suffragette meeting she had attended. Hans seemed preoccupied, and M Calamy was concerned as always with his food." She smiled fleetingly. "We live simply here. My husband did not care what he ate, and the years have reconciled me to English cooking, but M Calamy cannot endure it. He has brought his chef as well as his valet, but although his meals are specially prepared he still grumbles. So he did last night. After dinner my husband called me aside, and said, 'I have painful decisions to make, Ilse, and I fear the result will cause you grief.' Those were his last words to me."

"When was the tragedy discovered?"

"At three o'clock this morning I heard cries coming from my husband's room. I went in and found him in terrible pain. Dr Cardew was summoned immediately, but by the time he arrived Charles was in a coma and he could do nothing. The end came just after seven."

"Were your son and daughter present?"

"Lilian, yes. Hans—" She hesitated. "It proved almost impossible to rouse him, and when at last the housemaid did so he staggered, as though under the influence of drink. Coming from his room to his father's he slipped, fell down several stairs and broke his ankle. He had to be carried back to bed, and Dr Cardew says he must stay in his room."

"A last question and I have done. You said your husband didn't care what he ate. Was there a special reason for that?"

"Yes. A nasal operation a few years ago almost deprived him of taste and smell, so that he could barely distinguish chicken from beef or claret from brandy. Surely that cannot be important?"

"It is one piece in the jigsaw, no more."

Outside the drawing room we were met by a young girl. It was easy to see this was Ilse Mulready's daughter, although there was a light in her eye and a spring in her step that her mother lacked. She held out an envelope. "Which of you gentlemen is Mr Sherlock Holmes? Here is a letter for you."

Holmes looked at the envelope,

tore it open, read the contents and passed them to me. Some words were printed in capitals on a single sheet of paper: MISTER HOLMES GO AWAY YOUR PRESENTS HERE IS UNNECESSARY

"Written with a Waverley nib on a standard Ranelagh weave paper," Holmes said. "Was this delivered by hand, Miss Mulready?"

"No, one of the footmen found it on the hall table. What does it say?" Holmes showed it to her and she flushed. "I think he's right. Of course I am sorry my father is dead, but he should be allowed to rest in peace. I know he died because he was a man of war, as you are, Lord Rivington. He hated poor Hans, because Hans had no interest in fighting and killing people. I heard them arguing last night in father's room."

"And what was the subject?"

"I don't know. And if I did, I shouldn't tell you." She turned away from us, ran upstairs. Lord Rivington coughed, hummed under his breath, said nothing.

"Surely this note is important, Holmes," I said. "It was obviously written by somebody almost illiterate."

"Or somebody who wants us to think so. Or—"

He was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman dressed with rather too obvious elegance, his hair glossy, his beard wonderfully neat. My feeling that there is something unmanly about the French is reinforced by their use of pomades and perfumes. This, of course, was M Calamy, who now expressed his regrets to Lord Rivington, smiling as he did so.

"Perhaps after this tragedy our negotiations should be given

up—postponed, as you say."

"Not at all." Lord Rivington spoke sharply. "They are more than ever urgent, and I shall take charge of them in person."

"That will make me happy. We shall, of course, conduct them on both sides with entire frankness." The Frenchman's smile perhaps broadened a little. "Later today I move from this house of sorrow to our Embassy."

"With your staff?" Lord Rivington said with heavy irony.

"My valet, my chef, what should I do without them?" He bowed slightly, was gone. The Secretary for War muttered something, among which I thought I heard the words "priming popinjay".

Holmes looked after him with a puzzled air, then stood deep in thought. Lord Rivington said impatiently, "Mr Holmes, this is no time for brooding."

"I beg your pardon. I agree, Plan X must be returned to you at once."

"You know where it is?" The Secretary for War said in astonishment.

"It was an elementary problem." Holmes asked a maid to take us to Mr Hans's room. As we walked up the great stairs and down a long passage Holmes murmured to me, "Nevertheless, Watson, there is something I do not understand."

We found the son of the house on a sofa, one foot heavily bandaged. He was a good-looking young fellow with delicate, almost pretty features, but at this moment they were taut with anguish. A bowl of flowers stood on a window ledge beside him, and Holmes picked it up.

"The autumn crocus," he said musingly. "A charming but dangerous flower."

The young man started, then said, "Before God, Mr Holmes, I never intended—"

"I am prepared to believe you, but

I am not your judge. Let me tell you what I think happened and you can say how nearly it approaches the truth." He turned to us. "Hans here is one of those unfortunate people with a strong feminine streak that leads them into dubious, even criminal associations. Such deviations have touched our own royal family—you will recall the need to hush up the scandal of the noble visitors to the male brothel in Cleveland Street. The German Intelligence department became aware of Hans's propensities and they have been blackmailing him. He has abstracted documents from his stepfather's bureau, copied and then returned them. When you, Lord Rivington, told Sir Charles what had happened, he knew who the culprit must be."

The young man wrung his hands. "They threatened to expose me. I should have gone to prison. What else could I do?"

"You should have told your stepfather," Holmes said sternly. "I come to the events of last night. Sir Charles called you to his room. I don't know what he said, perhaps that you must leave the country, but it made you desperate. You had sufficient medical knowledge to know that colchicum was in your stepfather's medicine, and that it is easily distilled from the autumn crocus. Perhaps you prepared it then, perhaps you had some already prepared for just such an emergency. You added it to the medicine."

"It was to make sure he slept soundly. I swear I never meant him to die."

"I do not suppose you did. A little medical knowledge may be not merely dangerous but fatal. Otherwise your scheme worked well enough. You took the papers, I sup-

pose meaning to copy and return them. Why did you not do so?"

"Because I was drugged. All you say is true, Mr Holmes, but can you explain what happened to me? When I knew my stepfather would be asleep I went to his dressing room and took the plan and the memorandum—the bureau drawer was easy to open, I had done it before. I brought them in here to copy and return them, and then I was going to post the copy at once. But I was too sleepy, my fingers would not move over the paper. I put the papers away and fell asleep, and when I was woken felt so dizzy I could hardly stand. It was because of the dizziness that I fell and broke my ankle." He gestured at the bandages. "Then Dr Cardew gave me an opiate and I slept until 10 o'clock this morning. Now I am told not to move."

"The papers are still here?" Lord Rivington cried. "Then if you want a chance of saving your villainous skin tell me where they are."

"In that bookcase," the young man said sullenly. "Behind the top row of books, on the right."

Lord Rivington went to the bookcase, took out some books in the top row, put his hand in, took out more books, turned with a furious face. "There is nothing here. What trick are you trying to play?"

"Nothing?" I have never seen a ghastlier look of fear and apprehension on a man's face. "Impossible." He shrank back as Lord Rivington approached him threateningly.

"Wait," Sherlock Holmes said in an imperative tone. "Something is wrong here, there is something I have not understood." He paced up and down the room while the rest of us watched. "Did you write a note saying my presence here was un-

necessary? I thought not, yet it came from within the house. Last night you all ate the same food at dinner?"

"Except M Calamy. His food is specially prepared by his chef."

"And afterwards?"

"My stepfather left us. Coffee was served, but my digestion is poor. I always have a cup of chocolate."

"A cup of chocolate, yes. And M Calamy was very pleased with himself. I have been stupid, Watson."

"Holmes, I don't know what you are talking about." I could see from Lord Rivington's expression that he was similarly bewildered.

"The note, Watson, the note. It was a Frenchman's English misspelling. But quick, there is not a moment to lose, he is leaving."

"M Calamy?"

"The man who drugged the cup of chocolate, his so-called chef."

We found him in a servant's bedroom under the eaves, packing his bag for departure. He did not seem surprised to see us.

"Ah, Monsieur Holmes. Here is what you look for." A large envelope lay on the bed. "The excellent Plan X, and the other paper."

"Which you have copied."

"Precisely, *mon cher*. Now Britain and France have no secrets from each other, we can be entirely frank in discussion."

"It was you who sent me the message."

"My spelling, she is not of the best, but that is so."

"You drugged the chocolate and then took the documents."

"On behalf of *la belle France*. I am called the good M Calamy's chef, but

he gets the indigestion from my cooking." He chuckled. "I make my investigation, and soon understand that the young Hans is—like your Oscar Wilde, shall we say?—and is responsible for what has happened. And I see things are, as you say, coming to the head, so I arrange for the young Hans to have a little harmless sleep while I take possession of Plan X and the memorandum. No harm is done—except to our friend Sir Charles. That is a great tragedy."

He was an odd-looking little fellow, very short, his head a perfect egg shape. His hair was very black and parted in the middle, his moustaches long and pointed. He wore patent leather shoes. He looked like a perfect musical comedy Frenchman.

"You are an agent of the French Government," Holmes said rather stiffly.

"At the moment that is so, but I am, like yourself, a private detective. It is truly an honour to meet the greatest detective in Britain." Holmes rarely smiled but he did so then, although his smile vanished at the little man's next words. "I am myself the greatest detective in Europe. My name is (The narrative ends here, so that the pseudo-chef's identity remains uncertain. The scandal of Sir Charles's death was evidently hushed up. Hans Mulready had in later life a successful stage career as a female impersonator.) ○

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL GUEST

"THE AUTUMN CROCUS," HOLMES SAID MUSINGLY. "A CHARMING BUT DANGEROUS FLOWER." THE YOUNG MAN STARTED, THEN SAID, "BEFORE GOD, MR HOLMES, I NEVER INTENDED —"



COVENT GARDEN'S LEADING LADY

After a quarter century in Covent Garden, Christina Smith has a dozen properties, three shops and a restaurant. Roger Berthoud charts her rise.

In May, Christina Smith, shop-owner, *restaurateuse* and woman of property, celebrates 25 years in Covent Garden. If all goes to schedule, the occasion will be marked by the opening of her latest venture: a club, on the site of Macready's, formerly an actors' watering hole not far from her Neal Street base.

In her way, Christina Smith is a pioneer. No entrepreneur has done more to make Covent Garden, for better or for worse, what it is today: the most animated spot in central London and a focal point for visitors to the capital from home and abroad. In the great battle of 1969-72 to save the old fruit and vegetable market area from wholesale redevelopment she was a formidable campaigner, but one of several. Her special contribution lay in deeds rather than words: already in 1963 she had converted an old potato store in Neal Street into a showroom and warehouse topped by her own apartment. In 1972 she led the way by starting her first retail outlet—specializing in Chinese goods—at the south end of Neal Street, then considered a crazy location. In that year she took over the 65,000 square foot Seven Dials Warehouse in Shelton Street, converting it into a nursery for small and new businesses and saving it from demolition.

Today such warehouse conversions are taken for granted and it is easy to forget what a throw of the imagination they represented in those dark days when destruction was equated with progress. Through the 1960s and 70s she added haphazardly to her collection of properties. Her empire now runs to 12 buildings, housing a diversity of tenants and her own restaurant, Smith's; a café-bar called the Café Casbar (her initials are CAS); and her three main shops. Employing some 70 staff has made her neither bossy nor remote, a warm and open manner belying her imposing presence. She still lives in the spacious converted potato store at 28 Neal Street, above Sir Terence Conran's Neal Street Restaurant. Her first serious job having been as his secretary and personal assistant, she is pleased to have become, in a small

way, his landlord, and to have remained his friend.

Walking the short distance from her flat to her restaurant it was obvious that she was not just known but liked by large numbers of locals. "Her success all comes back to her being interested in people," says Max Clendinning, an Irish-born architect who designed the apartment and most of her shops. "She has the human touch, and she can communicate."

It has not been easily achieved, though she came from a secure enough background: her father was the school doctor at Rugby, where she was brought up. Her mother was a Swedish-speaking Finn, from whom Christina feels she may have inherited the Finnish attribute of *sisu*—"a mixture of stubbornness, bloody-mindedness and bravery". Some of her earliest memories are of holidays in Finland in the 1930s (she is now 53), and she spent a few months there aged 21 with an aunt who had restaurants. "So I knew what hard work it was."

Thanks to her height and mellifluously deep voice, she spent much time at boarding school near Marlborough playing Shakespearian heroes and in imagining that English literature and acting were going to be her life. But at her RADA audition she fainted: whether it was fate or fright she could never decide. A secretarial course was followed by a variety of jobs, among them operating a switchboard in the City's money market.

At 23 there came the formative experience of working at the North End Road, Fulham, factory of the impecunious young Terence Conran. "It was hard times," she recalled, "but it showed one the pitfalls. I did all the things people don't like doing, such as collecting cheques from creditors on my scooter to pay the wages on a Friday. It was a business grounding, and I suppose I must have been quite good at it." Sir Terence recalls her as extremely energetic and a very quick learner.

In 1962, after four years there, she thought she would try New York, but was miserable selling modern furniture to architects there. With some savings she bought a round-the-world ticket for £516 and set off

for Mexico, Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, Nepal and Burma. "I periodically sent parcels of samples back to myself, and on my return started Goods and Chattels, an import business for household goods, furniture and ethnic items, including crafts." These she sold wholesale, with Conran's new Habitat shops soon becoming one of her first customers. Later in 1963, while visiting a friend in Neal Street, she spotted a To Let sign on No 26, took it for the new business, and did a quick conversion, later also acquiring the next-door property and doubling the size of her top-floor flat.

That set the pattern for the 1960s: wholeselling imported items in the UK; commissioning some products in Britain for export; and every 18 months or so acquiring another short lease "because it seemed a good idea at the time".

But running the import side and holding the bailiffs at bay was a wearing experience. In 1972, for her a big year, she started to wind down the wholesale business; opened her first retail outlet down the road; entered a telling objection at the public inquiry into Covent Garden's future; took a first lease on the Seven Dials warehouse; and paid her first visit to China to celebrate the end of a decade of hard slog. The last was a seminal experience. "I had intended to flit through, but something gripped me. I suppose I have been back about 32 times since." For 10 years she bought there not just for herself but for Habitat.

Her own orientalia, ranging from gaudy tat to a good book section, is now on three floors at Neal Street East, a substantial emporium turning over more than £1 million a year. The Tea House, a few yards up, does well enough with its 45-odd varieties of leaf and herbal teas, its 150 teapots and profusion of infusers, caddies, strainers, cosies and so forth, to have spawned a sister shop in Bath, with others planned for this year. The Flowersmith, near Smith's restaurant, is a classy little shop with an emphasis on the exotic and unusual. The three exhibition galleries in the Seven Dials warehouse are let out by the day or week. Next to them is the Café Casbar, useful for a snack and a chat over the Filofax.

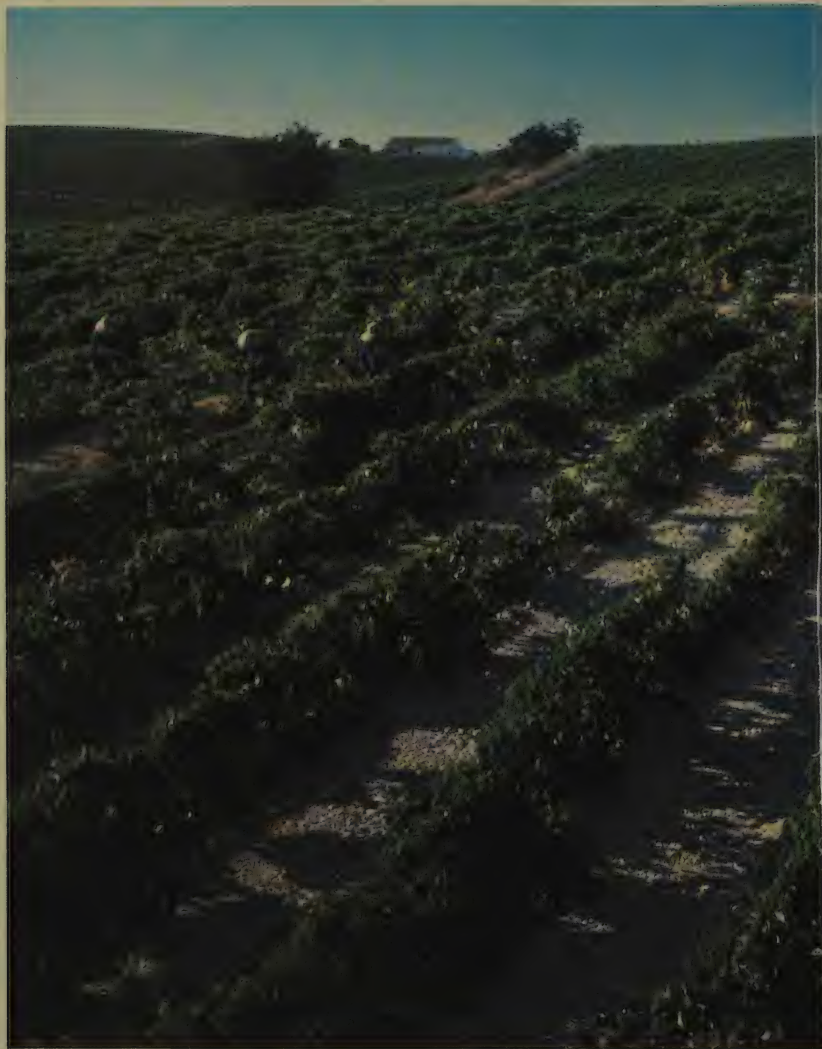
The restaurant, opened in 1984, is one of her most interesting ventures. Located with its adjacent vaulted wine bar under the galleries, it is a spacious, relaxed place lined with Christina's own collection of modern paintings and prints, serving moderately priced, basically English food with French overtones, as she puts it. Her aim was to create a neighbourhood restaurant which looked as if it had been there some time. It's a snag, she admits, that not very many people live in the area. "You need a residential core, especially in the changing climate of drinking and driving." So inevitably it is fuller at lunch than in the evenings. She aims to split the emphasis equally between food, service, ambience and value-for-money.

Yes, one might think, it must be pretty pleasant to be Ms Smith, chateleine of a substantial domain of real estate and real people. Yet there is plenty to give her concern. Will the sharp rise in rents in the area—not her own, but now around £35,000 a year for a small shop—drive out specialists with relatively low turnover and leave only the rag trade? Will the Mercers' Company's proposed redevelopment of two whole blocks between Long Acre and Shelton Street ruin their traditional character? What effect will new restaurants mushrooming on the periphery have on Smith's—not to mention wheel-clamping? Will the new Royal Opera House development, as eventually approved by Westminster Council, distort the existing balance between office, residential and retail use in the area? Will the "honeypot" of the central piazza's shops and stalls progressively drain the outer areas, or will it choke on a surfeit of tourists? Will her new club prove viable?

Christina Smith has a rare knowledge of how shops, property and people can interact in ways which animate a community. Since 1974 she has sat on the elected Covent Garden Forum of Representatives and on the Conservation Area Advisory Committee. Her voice will continue to be heard in the big decisions which lie ahead for the area. For London, though not for herself, there is still everything to lose, she believes ○



A pioneer at home: Christina Smith in
her converted potato store in Neal Street.
Photograph by Steve Lyne.



THE GARDENS OF THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM.



THE PALOMINO GRAPE FLOURISHES IN CHALKY SOIL. THE RESULT IS EXTRAORDINARY: SHERRY. OUR EL CORREGIDOR VINEYARD OUTSIDE JEREZ IN SOUTHERN SPAIN PUTS ITS NAME TO OUR OLDEST SHERRY AND CONTRIBUTES ITS GRAPES TO OUR NEWEST, SANDEMAN CHARACTER. ~ THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM.

W.H. SMITH

Hot news for the high street

Carol Kennedy reports on W.H. Smith, Britain's biggest and ever-expanding bookseller, newsagent and stationer.

Early this year the chairman of W.H. Smith, Simon Hornby, presided over an unusual dinner party in the company's unassuming brown-brick headquarters off London's Sloane Square. The guests included several newspaper editors and Melvyn Bragg, presenter of LWT's *South Bank Show*, and the main topic of discussion was the national decline in children's reading skills. Hornby had been talking to a number of worried head teachers and thought the problem should be brought to a wider audience.

"From a purely commercial point of view this bothers us very much," Hornby explained later. "If children aren't reading, there aren't going to be teenagers and adults reading; it affects our business enormously. But we also have a great conscience about this, because the English language is the key to everything—if you don't read, you don't have a culture. You don't even have television, because that depends very much on the English language."

The incident illuminates the character of one of Britain's best-known high-street businesses and the importance it attaches to its role in national life. W.H. Smith is Britain's biggest bookseller, newsagent and stationer, and it is proud of the part its founders played in the rise of literacy in the 19th century, employing first the stage-coaches and then the railways to spread the printed word to remote communities.

Founded in 1792 as a "news walk" delivering papers to houses around London's fashionable Berkeley Square, it has remained a family business in its corporate culture, though it went public in 1949 and today has annual sales of more than £1,281 million. There are still two Smiths on the board—sixth-generation Julian Smith, who looks after external affairs, and his cousin Philip, a non-executive director—while Simon Hornby is the third generation of his distinguished family to run or share the running of the company. At lower levels, too, generations of the same families tend to work for W.H. Smith, and the family as customer is at the core of the company's retailing philosophy.

As David Roberts, managing director of the retail group, puts it: "Generations have grown up feeling



Simon Hornby, chairman of W.H. Smith since 1982, is the third generation of his family to be involved in running the company.

warm about W.H. Smith, and we need to ensure that the next generation goes on feeling like that." Retailing strategy now concentrates on what Simon Hornby calls "the constructive use of leisure", but there is also considerable pride in the educational side of the firm's business. "Parents love W.H. Smith," says group managing director Malcolm Field.

Literacy is an issue the company has already tackled in a practical fashion. Last year it committed £50,000 of what Hornby calls "seed money" to a £1 million campaign to promote books in schools, in magazines and on television. W.H. Smith also funds the oldest of Britain's book prizes, and its cultural sponsorship among the young includes paying for poets to teach the writing of verse in schools; "cushion concerts" held in art galleries, and a scheme with the National Theatre teaching children to act and to produce plays.

The company distributing this cultural seedcorn has developed and diversified significantly over the last five years. It has become a "specialist multiple" as well as a high-street chain, spinning off separate busi-

nesses from established product bases like books, records and greetings cards; it has expanded rapidly in the DIY market with the Do It All stores; it has acquired thriving bookshop chains and gift shops in Canada and the USA, gone into the production of programmes for cable and satellite television and employed sophisticated computer techniques to improve profitability in both its retail and wholesale businesses.

Point-of-sale technology in the shops enables tighter control of stock and sales figures, while in wholesaling, which contributes about a third of the group's profits, a remarkably precise system has been developed which targets magazine readerships by area and type of newsagent.

Under Simon Hornby and Malcolm Field, who respectively became chairman and managing director on the same day in 1982 and who work as a close-knit partnership (Hornby looking after broad strategy, City contacts and the public face of the company; Field the hands-on operational chief), the principal businesses have been encouraged increasingly to manage their own

destinies. The process was accelerated in 1985 when the group shifted the bulk of its operational management to Swindon, where it already had a gigantic distribution centre.

For a business many were calling "mature" (a kindly word for lack of great potential) at the start of the 1980s, the strategy designed by Hornby and Field has produced dynamic growth by any measurement of a balance sheet. Between 1982 and 1986, W.H. Smith more than doubled its trading and pre-tax profits, its earnings per share and its return on capital employed. Pre-tax profits in the six months to the end of November, 1986 rose by 21 per cent, with growth in almost every area of the business. Only one sector, the television investment, was showing a loss, and that is not expected to go into the black until the 1990s. Even in the high-street shops, where expansion is limited over the long term, business is "going like a train", says Hornby.

The 75 Do It All centres—with 20 more to come this year—are in line for a major slice of corporate investment and may well spin off their own specialist sideline businesses within two years. After a disappointing start—the group went into DIY in 1979, just missing the great boom because it considered many sites too expensive—the chain has gone in three years from a nil base to £6 million profits.

The size and complexity of the retailing operation alone are breathtaking. A large WHS high-street store will stock around 60,000 different product lines from newspapers, books, periodicals and records to pens, paperclips, computers and compact discs. A large branch of Sainsbury's or Tesco's, by comparison, will carry perhaps 9,000 or 10,000. At any one time in the vast warehouse at Swindon—250,000 square feet under a triple-arched roof that looks like something designed by a latter-day Brunel—there are around 120,000 different products awaiting distribution, including 25,000 book titles. On a typical day between 8,000 and 10,000 skips leave the warehouse, each containing up to 10 products—a massive dispatch operation of 2.5 million packages a year. The company gets through nearly 2,000



Signs of the times: Railway bookstalls, started in the late 1840s, were the foundation of the W.H. Smith retail empire. The one at St Pancras in 1936 contrasts with today's typical WHS shopfront, below, at Bromley, Kent.



tonnes of paper a year for its own-brand A4 notepads, and sells around five million stick ballpoint pens and 20 million paperbacks a year.

On the other side of Swindon, W.H. Smith has a half-share with Doubleday of America in Book Club Associates, embracing the well-known Literary Guild and World Books and more than 30 special-interest clubs.

The W.H. Smith wholesaling business services 17,000 of Britain's 40,000 newsagents, handling all the national dailies and some 2,500 magazines and periodicals in a year. The Fleet Street distribution system is known as "the nightly miracle", and no wonder: as Rodney Buse, managing director of the wholesale division, says: "nothing is quite so perishable as news."

Each night 50 trains rush the next day's news through England and Wales, with three or four W.H. Smith packers on each train, parcelling

newspapers for their destination at the newsagent. This romantic but unsocial job is a traditional way for Smith's management trainees to cut their teeth: David Roberts of retail group did it when he joined the firm after eight years' army service with the Royal Green Jackets.

The first W.H. Smith started that particular tradition in the era of coach-and-horses travel. William Henry Smith was born in 1792, just a month after his father Henry Walton Smith, who earned 32 shillings a week from the Berkeley Square "news walk", died at the early age of 54. Smith's widow Anna managed the business, first alone and then with a partner, until her death in 1816.

Her two sons, William Henry and Henry Edward, set up in partnership as "H&W. Smith, Newspaper agents, Booksellers and Binders" at 41 Duke Street, off Grosvenor Square. In 1820 the growing business moved to 192

Strand, and the brothers opened a "New Reading Room" where subscribers could peruse the day's newspapers and "the most approved Reviews, Magazines, etc" from 9am to 9pm. It was a forerunner in its way of the famous W.H. Smith lending library which followed in 1860 and was to last for a century. The firm also advertised "Writing and other Papers, of the most superior quality." In 1828 W.H. Smith bought his brother out.

London at this time was the centre of all news, both domestic and foreign, and there was great demand for up-to-date dispatches from the capital. But the overnight mail coaches were slow and news was 48 hours old before it reached its provincial readers. Smith devised the idea of using the fast new stage-coaches, 700 of them, which worked by day and covered wider areas of the country. By adding a fleet of light, speedy carts to collect the papers for packing at 192 Strand and then rushing them to the stage-coach departure points round London, Smith quickly built up a national distribution network.

He was a man of ferocious energies, descending at 4am from his rooms "over the shop" to join his packing staff, and continuing to work until dusk when he did the accounts. "This house was built up on farthings" he once thundered at a customer who suggested he round his account to the nearest halfpenny. There was a standing offer of a shilling to any packer who could put together a parcel faster than the boss, but it was rarely claimed.

By the middle of the century the railway revolution was opening up new horizons for Smith's business.

Brunel's Great Western Railway could deliver the morning papers to Bristol by 11am and passengers travelling by train wanted to read—a difficult feat in a stage-coach. Smith's son, William Henry II, who gave up his vocation for the Church to join his father in 1846, saw the opportunities. He rented space from the railway companies and set up a chain of station bookstalls, carefully filtering out the seamier literature of the day. For this and his air of rectitude he was nicknamed "The North Western Missionary" and "Old Morality", a *Punch* coinage that stuck.

The network spread rapidly across the railway map; from 30 in 1850 to 450 in 1880 and a maximum 1,242 stalls and sub-stalls in 1902. Henry James left a memorable vignette in 1888 of "the fine flare of one of Mr W.H. Smith's bookstalls... a focus of warmth and light in the vast smoky cavern; it gives the idea that literature is a thing of splendour, of a dazzling essence, of infinite gas-lit red and gold. A glamour hangs over the glittering booth, and a tantalizing air of clever new things."

W.H. Smith II was a reluctant entrepreneur. After he inherited the business, he left its day-to-day management in professional hands and embarked on a distinguished Parliamentary career, first as a Liberal and later as a Tory. He entered the Cabinet in 1874 as First Lord of the Admiralty, then a rare appointment for a civilian and one that worried Queen Victoria, who admonished him not to "lord it over the Navy". W.S. Gilbert was popularly supposed to have guyed him as Sir Joseph Porter in HMS *Pinafore* ("stick close to your desk and never go to sea"). He later became Secretary of

→ State for War, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Leader of the House of Commons.

While holding the Irish portfolio, he sold the W.H. Smith business in Dublin to Charles Eason. Scotland had already been virtually ceded to John Menzies. With the exception of three glamorous outposts, in Paris (1903), Brussels (1920) and on board the *Queen Mary* (1936), W.H. Smith remained very much an English business until its expansion into Canada in 1950.

"Old Morality" died in 1891, "from devotion to his work", as Queen Victoria wrote to his widow in honouring her as Viscountess Hambleden in her own right. Freddy, her son, who became the second Viscount Hambleden, brought in an Oxford rowing friend, C.H. St John Hornby, to be his partner. Great changes were now imminent for the company which, as its present managing director is fond of pointing out, has consistently shown an ability to manage change and turn threats into business opportunities.

In 1905 two railway companies, the Great Western and the London and North Western, demanded a huge rent increase for the bookstall sites under threat of cancelling the contracts. St John Hornby called their bluff. He had already investigated the possibilities of opening shops on station approaches, having found that 70 per cent of bookstall business came from nearby town residents rather than travellers. With 10 weeks to go before the contracts expired, W.H. Smith acquired, fitted out and opened 150 shops, one for every bookstall lost. It was the beginning of the modern retail business.

The railway bookstalls have dwindled in number—today there are only 42, although those at London's Heathrow Airport and Manchester Airport, trading as "Sky Shops", have some of the busiest sales traffic in the entire retail chain.

The provincial wholesale business also grew strongly under St John Hornby, its turnover rising from £302,455 in 1899-1900 to more than £2 million by the end of the First World War. In his spare time St John Hornby was among the finest artist-craftsmen of English printing: his Ashdene Press ranks today with William Morris's Kelmscott Press. His grandson Simon, an immensely tall and debonair figure whose background includes Eton, Oxford, the Grenadier Guards and Harvard Business School, maintains the family's cultural involvement in national life as a council member of the National Trust and the Royal Society of Arts, a former Trustee of the British Museum and currently an outspoken chairman of the Design Council.

The second and third Viscounts Hambleden lived in some style in mansions at Henley-on-Thames (now the Henley Management Col-

lege) and at Moretonhampstead on the edge of Dartmoor, now a luxurious hotel. They continued to own the business until Billy Hambleden's death in 1948. It was valued then at nearly £10 million, of which his personal share was £8 million. A new company was formed, W.H. Smith & Son (Holdings) Ltd, to acquire the old company's issued share capital, and a large proportion of shares was offered to the public, diluting the Smith family holdings to 34 per cent. But friends and staff held another 18 per cent, effectively insuring against takeover.

From 1949 to the early 1980s W.H. Smith remained primarily a high-street multiple and wholesaling business. It has always wielded an immense influence on Britain's book and magazine trade. For hardback sales W.H. Smith is "the crucial ally", one London publisher says. When Smith makes a novel its Book of the Month it can easily double orders from other bookshops. Likewise, Smith's agreement or refusal to distribute a magazine can be a make-or-break affair, although there are plenty of smaller wholesale outlets. In practice few are rejected, and nowadays it is more likely to be on grounds of market viability rather than taste, though the family image still counts powerfully—and so do the libel laws. The most celebrated Smith reject, *Private Eye*, was eventually accepted when it was deemed financially sound enough to meet any libel costs.

The *Eye's* nickname of "W.H. Smug" became a catchphrase, but many earlier battles had been waged between Smith and the printed word, even from literary giants. In 1894 the firm refused to sell or circulate in its library George Moore's novel of a servant girl's exploitation, *Esther Waters*. In 1913 Compton Mackenzie accused W.H. Smith of "pseudo-moral censorship" over its reluctance to stock his novel *Sinister Street*.

Any lingering reputation for staidness has been belied by Smith's sharp trading strategy of specialist diversification since 1982. Simon Hornby's predecessor as chairman, Peter Bennett, perceived that the two main businesses of high-street shops and wholesaling were bound to slow down and it was necessary to nurture new growth. Hornby consolidated for three years, then put a new expansionary thrust into gear.

The chain had sold gramophone records since 1958: it was an obvious candidate for a specialist spin-off. So were books. When it acquired the Our Price chain along with solid bookshop chains, building on the earlier acquisition of academic Bowes & Bowes of Cambridge, sceptics said Smith would be competing against itself in the high street. In fact, the specialist shops cater for different markets and fit neatly with the general WHS shops. Our Price shops

now number 174 and will be close to 200 by the end of the year; they have made W.H. Smith Britain's largest record retailer outside London.

The 40-odd specialist bookshops are now all labelled Sherratt & Hughes after a Manchester shop acquired in 1946. There is one exception, up-market Truslove & Hanson of London, a Smith acquisition dating back to 1923. They have bolstered W.H. Smith's ambition to be considered as "serious booksellers"—a resurrection of its pre-war "carriage trade" image. Overall, Smith holds about 18 per cent of the British non-academic book market, worth roughly £700 million a year, and just over 20 per cent of the £600 million record market.

The strategy behind the specialist businesses was to dominate product groups in which Smith was already established, to a point that made it difficult for competitors to muscle in. The latest was the acquisition of the two Paperchase shops, up-market retailers of wrapping paper and greetings cards. Two more have since been opened. These are expected to yield good returns, especially if they enter the US market.

Meanwhile new high-street shops continue to open and there is a "hit list" of towns with promising catchment areas. Jeremy Soper, divisional director responsible for the high-street chain and for "pastoral care" of its 12,000 employees, has a huge map on his Swindon office wall clustered with coloured pins denoting the seven graded sizes of store. The largest (37,000 square feet) are in Birmingham, Croydon, Liverpool, Brent Cross, Leicester, Reading and Newcastle, the smallest is in Diss, Norfolk (just 800 square feet). In January, 1987 there were 369 high-street shops, 42 station bookstalls, 15 airport branches and 14 free-standing travel shops.

Ultimately, it is accepted, the high street will reach saturation. With Smith's current selling space there at 1,700 million square feet, there is room perhaps for another 300,000 square feet. Wholesaling, too, is unlikely to take more than 50 per cent of the market at the outside—it has 38 per cent at present. (W.H. Smith lost £3 million profit in London as a result of the year-long Wapping dispute over Rupert Murdoch's four newspapers, and 118 jobs had to go.) But managing director Field believes the Fleet Street technology revolution will bring exciting opportunities in distribution and there will certainly be more specialist spin-offs in the huge markets in which the company operates.

The Do It All centres, which have carved a niche market in "home enhancement" in addition to DIY materials, could sprout something like a lighting chain, though it might be done incognito initially, as a research and development exercise.

The firm operates an unusual

system of both centralized and devolved management. Retail group at Swindon controls the shops in minute detail from buying to product displays. The latter are set out in "blue books" for store managers and Christmas display planning is completed by July. "Management of space is the key cost and therefore the key to profitability," says Field. "The successful multiples have to be centrally led, or you don't have a chain." The same goes for buying, though local managers can make a case with Swindon for books of interest to their area. "We have increased our range of books at the serious end of the market by 44 per cent in four years," says Bryan Austin, in charge of retail buying.

This central leadership is skilfully blended with an encouragement of entrepreneurial line management. Hornby, Field and finance director Brian Jamieson run the various businesses through management boards run in turn by divisional directors. The top triumvirate designs a three-year profit strategy—the first year in great budgetary detail—and individual managing directors submit their plans to achieve this to the main board. After that, Field says, "I want them to get on and do it—I don't want to interfere." But he is there at monthly divisional board meetings to "challenge and monitor".

Both Hornby and Field give top priority to management development and bringing on high-flyers in the company. "All our career plans are made for the next 10 years," says Field. Smith's top management is relatively young: after five years as chairman, Hornby is still only 52, Field is 49 and David Roberts, head of retail group, is 44. It is possible to be a high-street branch manager at 22.

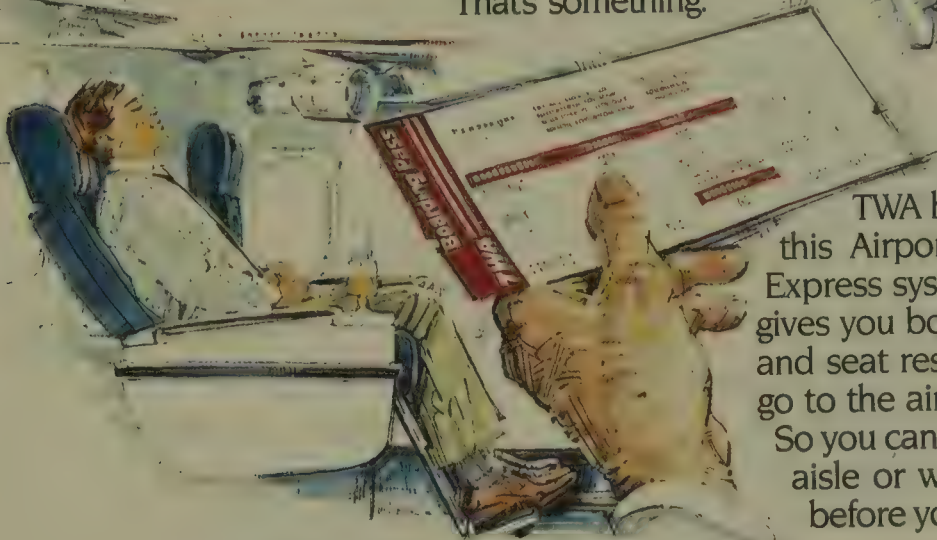
The company's Oxfordshire training college lays great emphasis on leadership development through "adventure" courses in which men and women participate on equal terms. Field believes these are essential "confidence-building" exercises for the sort of career that can put someone at 25 in charge of a 35,000 square foot DIY business, seven days a week, or a large city-centre shop with 200 staff. The firm prides itself on its staff communications: a manager who joined from another high-street chain was astounded to learn that he was expected to tell his staff each week's trading figures.

Could W.H. Smith be vulnerable to predators on the takeover trail? Hornby believes the firm's deep-rooted management skills and track record will be sufficient insurance: "We provide a unique service to the public." With £51 million trading profit last year and Hornby serving probably another five years as chairman, he adds: "I'd like to see the business making £200 million before I retire, and I don't see why we shouldn't, the way we're going now." ○



Wherever you're doing business in America go all the way in TWA's Ambassador Class.

I feel good, travelling TWA.
It's the big international style.
They've got it, flying from most
parts of Europe to all over America.
And the thing I like about it
best is I can fly Ambassador
Class all the way.
That's something.



TWA have
this Airport
Express system that
gives you boarding cards
and seat reservations before you
go to the airport. For *all* your TWA trips.
So you can pick your flight; your seats,
aisle or window, smoking or non-smoking
before you leave. That's good.

They call their seats 'Business
Loungers'. And they are! Just six across, arranged in
pairs, so you're always by a window or aisle. Plenty of
space all round. Room to stretch. Leg rest. Comfort!

And the service has to be experienced—that
real, TWA American friendly, service.

Interesting menu with a really good cuisine.
Some nice wines. Drinks whenever you want them.

Attention and care all the way, by Flight
Attendants who really know how to
look after you.



Goes right through to the ground, too.
Do you know, your Ambassador Class
baggage gets priority unloading.
No waiting around at carousels.

TWA flies to nearly 100 cities,
all over America. Wherever you
want to do business. Or pretty well
nearby. Just find out how good
business travel can be. Ask your Travel
Agent about Ambassador Class. And
look forward to a great flight.



Leading the way to the USA.

TWA



Lot 18. "BEWARE OF THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"
Unsigned. Oil on canvas. (30cm x 60cm).



SKIING FOR GOLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID CANNON/ALL-SPORT

Swiss skiers dominated the World Alpine Championships at Crans-Montana this year by winning a record eight gold medals out of a possible 10—the previous highest tally had been six set by the Austrians in 1962 and equalled by the French four years later.

The Swiss Ski Federation was staging the Championships for the first time since 1974 when they won just one medal—a bronze. With more than £4½ million spent on preparing for the event, no expense had been spared in providing the best conditions for the skiers and in particular for their own who have dominated the slopes for the past couple of years. Many countries such as Holland, Belgium and Brazil were there just to make up the numbers and even the Austrians, arch rivals of the Swiss and the only other nation to take their skiing so seriously, are still searching for a new Franz Klammer and they ended the Championships with just three silver medals and a bronze. The French fared even worse and won nothing—shares in the ski manufacturer Rossignol dropped as members of the French team publicly blamed their equipment for poor performances in Crans-Montana.

The current Swiss hero is Pirmin Zurbriggen, probably the best all-round skier since Jean-Claude Killy. He was on skis at three, racing at five and national giant slalom champion at 14. Now 24 and free from the Swiss Army, he is the man to beat. However at Crans-Montana he had mixed fortunes—winning the gold in the inaugural men's super-giant slalom and in the giant slalom but losing the combined and downhill titles he

had won at the last World Championships held in Bormio, Italy, in 1985.

The combined title (slalom and downhill) went to Marc Girardelli of Luxembourg and the coveted downhill title—the blue riband of the slopes—to another Swiss star Peter Mueller, runner-up in Bormio and at the 1984 Sarajevo Winter Olympics. Zurbriggen had to be content with the silver medal in both events. The one upset of the men's Championships was when the veteran West German Frank Worndl won the slalom—the only event in which the Swiss failed to win a medal as the West Germans also took the bronze, while the Austrian Günther Mader won a silver to add to his bronze in the combined. The Swiss women were even more successful, winning all five events, with Erika Hess retaining the gold she had won in Santa Caterina in 1985 in the combined event and also taking first place in the slalom—her speciality. Maria Walliser also won two golds, the downhill and the slalom, her teammate Michela Figini taking the silver, while Vreni Schneider won gold in the giant slalom. The Yugoslavian teenager Mateja Svet made a name for herself with a silver and two bronze medals.

Britain once again looked to Martin Bell to provide some ray of hope but he had a poor Championship and finished 16th in the downhill. The biggest surprise was provided by 22-year-old Lesley Beck from Dumbarton, ranked 108 in the world, who finished 10th in the slalom—the best performance by a British skier since Davina Galica came seventh in the 1972 Sapporo Winter Olympics giant slalom ○

Left: Vreni Schneider, the Swiss skier, on her way to winning the gold medal in the giant slalom.

Right: Pirmin Zurbriggen, the Swiss all-rounder who won two gold and two silver medals in Crans-Montana.



Above: Lesley Beck whose 10th place in the slalom was the best British women's performance for 15 years. Overleaf: High-flyer Jan Einer Thorsen of Norway on the downhill run.



WE, THE LIMBLESS, LOOK TO YOU FOR HELP

We come from both world wars. We come from Korea, Kenya, Malaya, Aden, Cyprus, Ulster and from the Falklands.

Now, disabled, we must look to you for help. Please help by helping our Association.

BLESMA looks after the limbless from all the Services. It helps to overcome the shock of losing arms, or legs or an eye. And, for the severely handicapped, it provides Residential Homes where they can live in peace and dignity.

Help the disabled by helping BLESMA. We promise you that not one penny of your donation will be wasted.

Donations and information: The Chairman, BLESMA, Midland Bank Ltd., 60 West Smithfield, London EC1A 9DX

Give to those who gave – please

BLESMA

BRITISH LIMBLESS
EX-SERVICE MEN'S ASSOCIATION



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BLOTS ON LONDON'S LANDSCAPE

From Pamela Reith

Dear Sir, If all the buildings mentioned in the article "Blots on the Landscape" (*JLN*, February) were to be demolished, we should lose some of the finest buildings of this century. It is important to be discerning and to discriminate between good and bad modern buildings and not to condemn one out of hand just because it is new.

I heartily agree that the Shell Centre should be pulled down, it is a clumsy, monstrous edifice which overshadows the South Bank and destroys any possibility of developing the surrounding area satisfactorily. On the other hand, the National Theatre houses three fine theatres, and the foyers, exhibition areas and terraces are exciting spaces which are a definite asset to the cultural life of London. I believe it will come to be seen as a good example of architecture of the 1970s as the Festival Hall is of the 1950s. I should be sorry, too, to lose the Hayward Gallery, as London is short of purpose-built galleries.

It would be scandalous to demolish the Queen Elizabeth II Conference Centre, which is a truly fine modern building, boldly but sensitively detailed, that sits happily in its surroundings. The Lloyd's building, too, is a most exciting structure where the architect has enjoyed himself and it is most refreshing when compared with the dull, faceless office blocks near by.

Perhaps, to redress the balance, a future edition of *The Illustrated London News* could include an article showing that some modern buildings are admired and loved.

Pamela Reith
Cobham
Surrey

From I. M. Mackay

Dear Sir, I was very pleased to see Juxon House on Ludgate Hill listed among those which should be demolished in London. The other buildings do at least have a justification but this does not, because there is a vast area of vacant space behind it. Every trick was used to get it approved, such as an open ground plan and a promise of access so that people could view St Paul's.

The building is an affront to our civilization and you ought to set up a campaign for its actual demolition.

I. M. Mackay
Broughton
Borders

From George Vamos

Dear Sir, If you invite a sufficient number of ignoramuses to condemn architecture to death, London will

be left with only the Tower bridge and St Paul's. Each of the living architects mentioned ought to sue you for defamation of prestige.

George Vamos
Nairobi
Kenya

THE ENSIGN COMPANY

From Gerald Connolly

Dear Sir, I wonder if any of your readers can supply me with any information on the Ensign photographic manufacturing company at Walthamstow? Little is known of the company's development, but it is thought to have originated in the late 19th century by George Houghton & Sons. The name Ensign was synonymous with "British-made goods" and the Walthamstow factory became the largest camera manufacturer in the British Empire by the 1930s, employing about 1,000 people. By the mid 1950s Ensign had declined into obscurity, finally moving to Clapham Common. I would be pleased to receive information/catalogues etc, regarding this company, and to refund any expenses incurred.

Gerald Connolly
27 The Meadows
Lower Sheering Road
Sawbridgeworth
Herts CM21 9PZ

LORD WAVELL

From Captain H. E. Raugh

Dear Sir, Since 1978 I have been studying the accomplishments of Field-Marshal Earl Wavell and now plan to write my master's thesis on his life. Convinced that Lord Wavell was one of the ablest senior commanders of the Second World War and, in the words of John Connell, "worthy of his place in history as one of the greatest soldiers and noblest characters of his age", I intend to reassess his life objectively and to examine his significant achievements. I believe that Lord Wavell's service as Commander-in-Chief, Middle East (1939-41), Commander-in-Chief, India (1941-43), and as Viceroy of India (1943-47) has been grossly underrated.

To help me in my project, I would be most appreciative to learn of readers with memories of Lord Wavell, and to learn about letters, documents, or photographs relating to the Field-Marshal's life and career which readers would be prepared to lend for possible inclusion in this study. I will be pleased to acknowledge all source material, and will return it promptly after use.

Harold E. Raugh, Jr.
Captain, Infantry, US Army
1838 S. Bundy Drive, #6
Los Angeles
California 90025, USA

THE MEDICI GALLERY

7 Grafton Street, Bond Street,

London, W.1.

Telephone 01-629 5675



LONDON PAST AND PRESENT

An exhibition of paintings
by

GEOFFREY STONE

Monday – Friday 9 – 5.30

2nd – 22nd April

Full details of this and other exhibitions from the Gallery

When the rest of the pack is in full flight- the individualist goes his own way.



Clever, cunning, fast on its feet; the fox is an opportunist, an adventurer, a shrewd risk-taker.

And that's a description which would also suit the successful futures and options speculator.

If you possess some of the same attributes – and have a certain amount of capital you can honestly afford to use for high-risk speculation – it could be in your interest to learn more about the futures and options markets.

A form of speculation not for the faint hearted

A lump sum of risk capital, and steady nerve: two of the essential ingredients you'll require to be a successful speculator. You'll also find that individual, professional and specialised advice will prove very useful indeed. Which is where LHW Futures Ltd comes into the equation.

As leaders in the high-risk world of futures and options trading, we at LHW are in the prime position to help steer you through the hazards of this most dynamic and exciting form of speculation, but be warned, in markets such as these the opportunity for substantial profits must be balanced by the possibility of losses.

Your losses are limited – your gains are not
Without doubt the futures and options markets are precarious – BUT, with LHW your losses are definitely limited. Because, thanks to LHW's Limited Risk Contract you can never lose more than you decide to invest.



LHW Futures Limited, 3-5 Wardrobe Place, London EC4V 5AH.
Telephone: 01-248 8121

When you trade you pay for the right to hold a futures contract, rather than the full quoted price – which may be as much as 10 times more than your initial investment. In this way, your financial liability is limited, without your purchasing power being curbed.

LHW – offering you a specialised, professional service
Specialists in a specialised market, LHW Futures Ltd can provide you with an unrivalled standard of service and help.

With over 160 members of staff and the latest communications technology at our disposal, LHW is one of the largest futures and options brokers serving private clients on this side of the Atlantic.

Discover the facts about successful speculating NOW!

'He who hesitates is lost!' Never has this truism been more aptly illustrated than in the field of futures and options trading.

Which is why you shouldn't hesitate at this juncture. Complete the coupon below and post it today. On receipt we'll send you our comprehensive *LHW Information Pack* detailing all our services.

Accepting this offer places you under no obligation – but it does give you the opportunity to assess the valuable information, statistics and forecasts that have made LHW the acknowledged leaders in futures and options speculation.

Yes, please send me a free LHW Information Pack.

I understand that a high level of risk is involved in specialised futures and options trading.

LNT

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Tel. No. (Business) _____

Tel. No. (Home) _____

Send to LHW Futures Limited, 3-5 Wardrobe Place, London EC4V 5AH.

A WELL-DRESSED STREET

Jermyn Street's reputation today rests mainly on its shirts, though it has much more to offer. Architecturally it is straight and narrow, but its character never has been, as James Bishop reports.

Jermyn Street is a very masculine thoroughfare, not perhaps as much as it once was (the male-only Turkish baths have gone), but almost every other shop seems to deal in men's shirts, and the whiff of cigar smoke hangs heavily in the air. Architecturally there is not much now to get excited about. None of the original houses remain, and the later buildings are for the most part not much more than functional, with no grand bellies and offices above. The street is straight and narrow, but its character

is neither. Lying on the periphery of St James's, it used to be regarded as the last frontier of clubland, being as fine as the dedicated clubman would venture in search of food, drink, apparel, a shave, haircut or any form of accommodation he might require.

Something of the street's slightly rakish reputation no doubt came from the man it was named after. Henry Jermyn, Earl of St Albans, was not an endearing man, except to Queen Henrietta Maria, and she evidently found him irresistible.

He had been appointed her Vice-Chamberlain (no joke apparently intended) in 1628, and it was as a result of her favour that he was given an earldom in 1660 and, in the following year, a lease of 45 acres of Crown land in Pall Mall Field, on which he proceeded to build St James's Square and the streets running from it, including Jermyn Street.

In spite of his preferment and the many high offices he held under Charles II Jermyn was not well

regarded by his contemporaries. Andrew Marvell wrote of his "day-maid's shoulders and, butcher's mien", and said that he rose neither by wit nor courage. Pepys's diary contains a number of disparaging references and reflects the anxiety of the time at reports (never substantiated) that he had actually married the Queen Mother, and John Evelyn describes him, "a prudent old courtier", as having led a most easy life, even while the King was suffering. Jermyn's coat of arms—stars and a

crescent moon—will be found on the keystone of the arch by the tower of St James's Church, which was built by Wren between 1676 and 1684, and which was originally designed by him to be entered from the Jermyn Street side. However, it has become St James's, Piccadilly, with its main entrance across the courtyard on the Piccadilly side, and so lies outside the scope of this article. Another tribute to the founder of Jermyn Street can be seen on the façade of 73, where has been carved a relief showing Charles II handing over the deeds.

From its early days the street was regarded as a fashionable place to live, particularly at the western end. John Churchill, before he was created Duke of Marlborough, lived in the street from 1675 until about 1682, on the site now occupied by one of the street's famous shirt-makers, Turnbull & Asser. The poet Thomas Gray used to take lodgings, as his diary related, either above "Robert's the hosiers or Frisby's the oilman's". Sir Isaac Newton lived at 87 and a Blue Plaque marks the site, though the premises were pulled down and rebuilt in 1915. Mrs Thrale spent much of her childhood in Jermyn Street, W.M. Thackeray lived at 27 for a couple of years from 1843, and W.E. Gladstone had rooms above

one of the street's less well-known occupants during the reign of Queen Anne was a Mr Howe, who lived with his wife and family in a house near the church. According to the report published in Dr W. King's *Anecdotes of Our Time* Mr Howe suddenly disappeared from his home, leaving word that he had had to go to Holland on business. In fact he had gone to Westminster, where he lived for the next 17 years without making contact with his family, though he sometimes went to the church on Sundays to look on his wife unobserved. In 1723 he returned to his home, without explanation, and it is said that he and his wife lived happily together for the rest of their lives.

In the 19th century Jermyn Street was noted mainly for its hotels, in which, according to the *Epicure's Almanac* of 1815, "all the articles of consumption were of the best", and the accommodations combined "all the retirement and comforts of home with freedom of access, egress, and ingress, which one generally expects when abroad". Among the best known of the hotels providing these desirable freedoms were Blake's, Miller's, Reddish's, Topham's, the Waterloo (later the Hotel Jules, and now Jules Bar), and the St James's. It was here that Sir Walter Scott rested in 1832 on his way home to Abbotsford to die.

The only hotel left in Jermyn Street today is the Cavendish, on the corner of Duke Street. In the 18th century it was known as Miller's, a corm-chandler's shop which then became the Cavendish in 1836, but it was not until it was bought by the formidable Mrs Rosa Lewis in 1902 that it acquired both reputation and notoriety.

Rosa Lewis, an undertaker's daughter born in Leyton, Essex, in 1867, took her first job at the age of 12 as a general servant, for which she was paid a shilling a week. Later she worked in the kitchens of the exiled Comte de Paris at Sheen House in Mortlake, and was employed as a cook by Lady Randolph Churchill. At Sheen House she was introduced to the Prince of Wales, with whom she was linked by the gossips of the time for some years. He certainly enjoyed her cooking, which was described by Robin McDowall as basically French, but simple "even her quails stuffed with *foie gras* were light compared with the interminable stodgy courses of the Mrs Beeton school".

Rosa married a butler, Excelsior Lewis, in 1893, but divorced him soon after she acquired the Cavendish. She ran the hotel like a fashionable country house, sometimes rebuking the guests for "treating my house like an hotel", and during the First World War she allowed impoverished young officers to stay without charge. One of the many stories told about her describes the eccentric revenge she took on one of her permanent guests, Sir William Eden, who hated her dog Kippy. When Kippy died she had him stuffed and put inside Sir William's room each morning. Her strong Cockney language, the

then briefly as the Orleans, became the Cavendish in 1836, but it was not until it was bought by the formidable Mrs Rosa Lewis in 1902 that it acquired both reputation and notoriety.

Rosa Lewis, an undertaker's daughter born in Leyton, Essex, in 1867, took her first job at the age of 12 as a general servant, for which she was paid a shilling a week. Later she worked in the kitchens of the exiled Comte de Paris at Sheen House in Mortlake, and was employed as a cook by Lady Randolph Churchill. At Sheen House she was introduced to the Prince of Wales, with whom she was linked by the gossips of the time for some years. He certainly enjoyed her cooking, which was described by Robin McDowall as basically French, but simple "even her quails stuffed with *foie gras* were light compared with the interminable stodgy courses of the Mrs Beeton school".

Rosa married a butler, Excelsior Lewis, in 1893, but divorced him soon after she acquired the Cavendish. She ran the hotel like a fashionable country house, sometimes rebuking the guests for "treating my house like an hotel", and during the First World War she allowed impoverished young officers to stay without charge. One of the many stories told about her describes the eccentric revenge she took on one of her permanent guests, Sir William Eden, who hated her dog Kippy. When Kippy died she had him stuffed and put inside Sir William's room each morning. Her strong Cockney language, the

then briefly as the Orleans, became the Cavendish in 1836, but it was not until it was bought by the formidable Mrs Rosa Lewis in 1902 that it acquired both reputation and notoriety.

Rosa married a butler, Excelsior Lewis, in 1893, but divorced him soon after she acquired the Cavendish. She ran the hotel like a fashionable country house, sometimes rebuking the guests for "treating my house like an hotel", and during the First World War she allowed impoverished young officers to stay without charge. One of the many stories told about her describes the eccentric revenge she took on one of her permanent guests, Sir William Eden, who hated her dog Kippy. When Kippy died she had him stuffed and put inside Sir William's room each morning. Her strong Cockney language, the

then briefly as the Orleans, became the Cavendish in 1836, but it was not until it was bought by the formidable Mrs Rosa Lewis in 1902 that it acquired both reputation and notoriety.

Rosa married a butler, Excelsior Lewis, in 1893, but divorced him soon after she acquired the Cavendish. She ran the hotel like a fashionable country house, sometimes rebuking the guests for "treating my house like an hotel", and during the First World War she allowed impoverished young officers to stay without charge. One of the many stories told about her describes the eccentric revenge she took on one of her permanent guests, Sir William Eden, who hated her dog Kippy. When Kippy died she had him stuffed and put inside Sir William's room each morning. Her strong Cockney language, the

Jermyn Street's well known shops include Paxton & Whitfield, who must have more cheeses than any shop in London, Edwin R. Cooper, the chemists, and Floris, the oldest shop in the street, which opened as a barber's shop in 1730 and is now best known for its fragrances.





THE CAVENDISH *St. James's*

**"Your Best Address
in London"**

Jermyn Street, St James's, London SW1 6JF
Tel: 01-930 2111 Telex: 263187 Cables Rosatle

SHIRTMAKING SERVICE

We may not charge Jermyn Street prices, but we offer a service and a standard of workmanship that is second to none.
Cuffs will visit clients in their home or office - during the day or in the evening, at their convenience.

While clients choose from a selection of hundreds of the finest quality fabrics, we take measurements and discuss styling. Within one month the completed garments are delivered personally back to the customer.

Yet our prices are reasonable: £32.50 for poly/cotton, around £40 for poplin, £60 for silk - all fully made to measure.

For an appointment call:

CUFFS
OF HAMPTON COURT

01-979 0228

PALACE GATE HOUSE, 3 PALACE GATE, HAMPTON COURT,
SURREY KT8 9RN



The Action between the U.S. Frigate "Chesapeake" and H.M.S. "Shannon", in June, 1813. A coloured lithograph, 12½ by 16½ inches (31 by 42.5 cm). Plate 1 from a set of four by L. Hughes after J. C. Schreyer and Captain R. H. King, R.N., published 1828.

WAR AT SEA

British Naval
Actions 1761-1841.
An Exhibition
of Engravings and
Lithographs.

31st March - 11th April

Nelson, Hood, Rodney,
Duncan, Howe,
Collingwood, Trafalgar,
St. Vincent, Camperdown,
the Nile, Copenhagen,
the Glorious 1st of June,
the American War of
Independence, the Anglo-
American War 1812-1815,
and many others.

THE PARKER GALLERY

12A/12B BERKELEY STREET, LONDON W1X 5AD.
(OPPOSITE MAYFAIR HOTEL)
Telephone: 01-499 3906-7
Gallery open Monday to Saturday 9.30 to 5.30 during Exhibition. Founded 1930

→ there is no longer a demand for such miracles.

Perhaps the cream of Jermyn Street's lost buildings was the Museum of Practical Geology, one of the first of the great Victorian national museums, which was opened by the Prince Consort in 1851. Designed by James Pennethorne, the Crown Architect, this powerful building housed the Geological Survey and a collection of exhibits which included stone samples for the new Houses of Parliament. The museum was moved to South Kensington in 1934 and the building demolished soon after. The site is now part of Simpson's.

Like Fortnum's farther to the west, Simpson's is best described as a specialist department store. The main line at Simpson's, which celebrated its 50th anniversary last year, is men's clothes, and that of Fortnum's, now more than 280 years old, continues to be food. Both have their grand entrances in Piccadilly, but both have humbler doors in the smaller street, and both have restaurants.

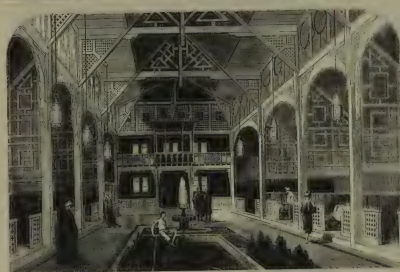
Not that eating is a problem in Jermyn Street. At 111 is one of London's most distinguished French restaurants, A l'Ecu de France, with a pretty pink dining room, delicious food and an outstanding wine list. It is not cheap: you will need to allow about £30 a head if you wish to take advantage of what it can offer. The same allowance will be needed at Wilton's, at 55, which moved recently from Bury Street without any visible effect on its plush décor or standards of food and service. Wilton's food is traditional English, with oysters and seafood particularly good and some hefty puddings always available.

Rowley's, at 113, has a character of its own—cheap, cheerful and virtually choiceless. It was at this address that Thomas Wall began making his sausages and pork pies, and until quite recently it was a Wall's restaurant at which all the company's products could be eaten. The old Wall's décor remains, but the restaurant now provides a basic meal of steak and chips, excellently cooked on charcoal, and served with a choice of salad (green or Mexican).

Jules Bar, at 85, has Art Nouveau and an indelible air of the 1920s and 1930s, though today's customers are probably more subdued. It is primarily a cocktail bar, but serves excellent agreeable light lunch, or supper, generally composed of such popular fare as sausage and mash and fish cakes. A new spaghetti house, the Jermyn Street Ristorante, has recently opened at 17 (opposite Rowley's), and there is a more substantial Italian restaurant, Franco's, at 62. Back at Fortnum's the ground-floor Fountain Restaurant, which has its entrance on the corner of Jermyn Street, has doubled its size and so cut down the queues which always



Dunhill's shop on the corner of Jermyn and Duke Streets was a victim of the Blitz in 1941, but a pipe-selling stall was set up among the ruins. The first Turkish bath, right, was established in Jermyn Street in 1962, and the *Il Volf* the day published this engraving of the ornate *mesbakh*, or cooling room.



not reveal who, apart from their own chairman, has cigars in their keep, though they will be happy to sell you one of their Havana Club cigars, which are 9½ inches long, for £12.20. Another of Jermyn Street's distinctive smells is cheese, and this will always be nosed as you approach 93, the premises of Paxton & Whitfield, who describe themselves vaguely as provision merchants but are best known for their remarkable collection of cheeses, which they have been purveying to people with taste since the 18th century. Originally established in Clare Market, the business was moved to Jermyn Street in the 1850s. The shop must have a greater variety of cheese than any other in London, but the problem of

making a choice is eased by the enthusiasm with which the men behind the counter will cut off a bit for you, and them, to taste. Unless you are a regular customer it will be difficult to leave the shop without several more lumps of cheese than you had intended to buy, and without ordering one of the York or Bradenham hams that hang so invitingly from the ceiling. The oldest shop in Jermyn Street also deals in smells or, as they would prefer to say, fragrances. This is Floris, at 89. The founder, Juan Famenias Floris, came to the street from Minorca in 1730 to set up a barber's shop. Missing the fragrances of his native land he began re-creating them in the back of his shop. This



Jermyn Street end of the Piccadilly Arcade, top, with Piccadilly and the Royal Academy at the far end. Harvie & Hudson, one of the street's shirtmakers, have a fine Victorian shopfront on the corner of Duke of York Street, above. Fortnum's, the Piccadilly shop, have an entrance, left, in Jermyn Street.



"Surely you don't expect me to go round smelling of pickles?" he asked. Coward was found a fragrance more to his taste; and Eau de Vinalgre has been discontinued. And so to shirts. There are hats to be had at Bates, shoes at Tricker's, Foster's and Russell & Bromley, Scottish sweaters at Alfred Dunhill, and everything from Simpson's, but in the final analysis it is on its shirts and ties that Jermyn Street's 20th-century reputation rests. There are 24 establishments in the street that will sell you a shirt, and some of them have been at it for more than 100 years. Turnbull & Asser have been making shirts since 1889 and now have three shops in the street, one of them providing for women. New & Lingwood was established in 1865, Hilditch & Key in 1899, and Harvie & Hudson in 1929. T. M. Lewin offered innumerable club ties as well as traditional shirts. If Italian rather than English is your style then Vincel, Francesco and Ultimo are the shops you will be looking at. Whatever your choice, if it comes from Jermyn Street, you will, by definition, be well dressed. □



Punting on the Cherwell, the tranquility of the dawn after a May Ball, the sound of leather on willow...

The images of a romantic England are the inspiration for the Dunhill Varsity range. The new Spring/Summer 1987 men's fashion collection in pure natural fibres and luxury yarn mixes.

THE 1987 SPRING/SUMMER COLLECTION FROM DUNHILL.



Classic jackets and blazers in college inspired stripes. Casual trousers – a refined version of the Oxford Bag. Cotton crew knits in elegant club stripes, polo shirts with varsity styled cardigans.

These are just some of the clothes you'll find in the extensive Varsity range of men's luxury fashion and accessories from Dunhill.



30 DUKE STREET ST JAMES'S,
A NEW SHOP, FROM APRIL 21ST.

See the full Varsity range in our totally refurbished shop. Celebratory 1/2 bottle of champagne with every purchase over £35 for two weeks from April 21st.

The Varsity range can also be viewed in London at Dunhill in the Burlington Arcade and at Harrods, Selfridges and Harvey Nichols.

V A R S I T Y

dunhill

EGERTON LIMITED,
30 BERKELEY SQUARE,
LONDON W1X 5HA.



01-493 0676

CADOGAN PLACE SW1

AN IMPRESSIVE HOUSE & GUEST HOUSE, LONG LEASEHOLD
IN LONDON'S BEST LOCATION



MAIN HOUSE with
7 Bedrooms, 4 Bathrooms,
Drawing Room, Dining Room,
Large Roof Terrace,
Study, Kitchen
and Staff Quarters.

GUEST HOUSE with
2 Bedrooms, Bathroom,
Large Drawing Room
leading to 2nd Roof Terrace,
Kitchen, Independent Access.



Two large Terraces, Lift, Garage, Communal Gardens with Tennis Courts.

Price on Application.

Joint Sole Agents:-

FRANCIS RUSSELL 138 Sloane Street, London SW1X 9AY. Telephone: 01-730 9955

LOWNDES SQUARE SW1

THE FINEST LONG LEASEHOLD APARTMENT AT THIS
NUMBER ONE ADDRESS.



Newly decorated to an
exceptional standard.
4 Bedrooms, 2 Bathrooms,
2 Shower Rooms,
Large Drawing Room,
Dining Hall
with Mural paintings,
W.C.
Superbly equipped kitchen.



For sale, fully furnished. Porterage,
Communal Gardens, Residents Parking.

Offers invited.

Sole Agents:-

EGERTON LIMITED, 30 Berkeley Square, London W1X 5HA. Telephone: 01-493 0676

LONDON PROPERTY:

£1 MILLION AND MORE

The £1 million home has become almost commonplace in London, reflecting the fact that the top end of the London property market is strong and is likely to remain so. Investing in the capital's bricks and mortar is still considered worthwhile by a large number of people of many nationalities, who want the best. Why?

"Compared to New York, Paris or Madrid, London has a safe, secure and sound life-style," confided a peripatetic European businessman who said he appreciated the "slower, more peaceful tempo" when he returned from his travels. He wanted "something that could be lived in or locked-up and left as required, that had the bonus of being a good investment".

At current rates £1 million tied up in a home can represent a potential loss of interest of £140,000 a year if the money were to be otherwise invested, although, as Peter Kearon of Knight Frank & Rutley says, it is often not quite as simple as this.

"The majority of these expensive houses are being bought via offshore companies which are designed as tax-efficient borrowing exercises. In practice, most buyers for the £1 million house have cash in the bank ready for completion, although they may choose to refinance the purchase once they have acquired the property. There is not too much talk about mortgages at this level."

INTERNATIONAL HIGH-FLYERS ARE PREPARED TO PAY TOP PRICES FOR A PRESTIGIOUS ADDRESS IN THE CAPITAL. JUNE FIELD FINDS OUT WHAT IT IS THEY LOOK FOR—AND WHAT THEY ARE LIKELY TO GET.

"Absolutely prime properties will always be sought by the super-rich," declares Anthony Lassman of Lassman's. He sold billionaire arms-dealer Adnan Khashoggi's nine-storey glass tower in Princes Gate SW7, twice last year, in the region of £4 million the first time, and for £4.5 million some months later. The 14,000 square foot freehold building combined office and living quarters, the latter consisting of a triplex-penthouse where at the flick of a switch by the bed in the master-suite, the roof slid back to reveal the sky. The swimming pool incorporated a similar idea. These are the sort of sophisticated refinements the well-heeled can indulge in.

"You can expect to see continued growth in property in the few unquestionably top-notch areas of London such as Mayfair, Belgravia and Regent's Park," says Lassman, who has no doubt that places in pristine condition, where particular attention has been paid to the quality of the finishes, will go on drawing in the big spenders.

Are there enough high-income

British buyers for big-money homes? A recent three-month survey of 1,000 applicants searching for a property revealed that 12 per cent earned £100,000 plus, 14 per cent over £200,000, and only 1 per cent were looking for a house at £1 million or over. None was British. But these findings are not supported by Savills' own registers, which include a number of British actively looking, and prepared to pay, for property of more than £1 million.

Stuart Gold of Anscombe & Ringland contends that the ability to pay may be the only thing that big buyers have in common. The sources of wealth are as wide and varied as the parts of the world that these people may come from.

"The majority are, of course, 'achievers', and business men and women of all nationalities can now be seen buying and selling £1 million-plus houses. Worldwide economic considerations can have an influence on both home-grown and immigrant purchasers. When oil prices fell, for a while American and Middle Eastern buyers were conspi-

cuous by their absence, because their fortunes were inextricably bound to the vagaries of oil-pricing."

Many £1 million homes are marketed "quietly", passed along on the property grapevine. Security poses a problem, and would-be buyers are often vetted before they are even sent a brochure, which means that their ability to proceed as much as their suitability is sounded out.

For the major properties it is usually the would-be purchaser's representative that goes along for an initial look. Many prospective purchasers are too busy making their millions to follow up every prospect.

"There are so many points to be considered by a buyer that I am always amazed how few people turn to an agent for advice," observed Patrick Ramsay of Knight Frank & Rutley. "It seems nonsense that 95 per cent of all sellers retain an agent to sell their house, but less than 1 per cent ask an agent for help when they buy." An agent will charge up to half their normal fee—say 1 to 1½ per cent—to act on a buyer's behalf. With their knowledge of the market, they should be able to negotiate the right house in the right place at the right price, which will later sell well.

The Australian magnate Robert Holmes à Court recently bought Nuffield Lodge, an elegant Georgian house in 4½ acres in Regent's Park, for a figure well above the guide price of £8 million or so ➤



Above, 7 Holland Park, with mews house, garden and garage, sold by Chestertons Prudential for around £3 million.

Left, 53 Avenue Road in St John's Wood, a reconstructed ambassadorial house, on sale with Lassman's at £2.5 million.

• The Almshouses of London •

Written and photographed by Clive Berridge



written and photographed by
CLIVE BERRIDGE
with a foreword by the
Right Hon. and Viscountess Tremayne, B.C., D.C.L.

The Almshouses of London is a luxuriously illustrated guide around London's almshouses, chronicling the fascinating history of the buildings and the men and women who were responsible for their foundation. This book is a unique and beautiful portrayal of the changing seasons in London – from winter snows in the East End to the coming of autumn in Greenwich.

£9.95 hardback

24 full colour plates, copious
black and white illustrations.
ISBN: 1 85253 000 6.

"A splendid piece of research
which will bring a great deal of
pleasure to all who love this land"
*George Thomas, former speaker
of the House of Commons.*

Available from any bookshop
or direct by Credit Card



just call 0329 834265

Ashford Press Publishing 1 Church Road, Shedfield, Hants. SO3 2HW



Have a heart for us, in our care for them.
With covenants, donations and legacies.

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF DEAF PEOPLE
(formerly known as The Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb)

27 Old Oak Road, Acton, London W3 7HN
Working in Greater London, Essex, Kent & Surrey
Registered Charity No. 207358

Founded 1841

Patron HM The Queen

→ that the Nuffield Foundation and Crown Estate Commissioners had been advised by their agents, Chestertons Prudential, to put on it. Holmes à Court's own representatives had drawn his attention to the 1823 Decimus Burton villa just along the way from the American ambassador's London residence.

Not everything with a £1 million price tag sells instantly. Earlier this year a very pleasant, newly refurbished house in New Cavendish Street, W1, on the Howard de Walden estate, was on the market at £1.2 million through Savills and Elliot Son & Boyton. Its price was dropped to under the magic £1 million to encourage interest from those not yet attuned to buying a house in this part of London where high-class flats are more the norm.

The cost of keeping up a highly-priced home means that a buyer needs to be more than a mere millionaire. Although most agents agree that those in the super-class rarely ask about rateable values unless they affect the enfranchise-

ment (i.e. the right to buy the freehold) of a leasehold house, they expect to be given some idea of outgoings. The main considerations are: **Staff.** Many foreign owners have huge numbers of servants by British standards, but as one employment agency reminds, they do not get English-style wages. The standard-issue Portuguese couple generally get around £10,000 a year plus their keep, use of a car, television, social security, and of course good self-contained accommodation.

Heating. It is not a question of the value of the property. What counts is the type of heating, size of the rooms, insulation, personal preference level and so on, and it is difficult to generalize. In the "big freeze" this year it would not have come cheap.

Outside maintenance. If a period house has a painted stucco exterior, as is generally found in Regent's Park and Belgravia, covenants are strictly enforced by the ground landlords, the Crown Estate Commissioners, or Grosvenor Estates, who lay down that painting should be done every

TOP-NOTCH HUNTING GROUNDS

Mayfair: In Jessie Matthews's 1930s film *Evergreen*, somebody said it was better to say you lived in Mayfair than in Knightsbridge. But as commerce moved in, Mayfair's *cachet* declined. Now, as many of the gracious Georgian houses revert to owner-occupation, some of the fashionable appeal and village spirit is returning to the Duke of Westminster's 100 acres. There is an active Residents' Association too, concerned about conservation, environment, law and order, and what chairman Malcolm Lothian and president Sir James d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, term "neighbourliness". Chestertons' Mayfair office recall that the £1 million barrier was broken for them in 1981 when an Australian bought a six-bedroom penthouse overlooking Green Park for a little more than that figure. The same flat today would be valued at well over double that amount.

In Grosvenor Square, which is second to Lincoln's Inn as the largest square in London, number 47 recently fetched £1.3 million through John D. Wood and Cluttons, and a penthouse near by £1.9 million (Lassman's). In The Manor, a 1920s block in Davies Street, a refurbished apartment is £1.2 million, and one being built on the top by Renslade Investments, £1 million. Mayfair House in South Street, with its rich soft grey and coral fabric wallcoverings in the main bedroom, chintz curtains and crystal chandeliers, is on offer from £2 million (Aston Chase).

The "big one", aiming for a record, is Ancaster House, Chesterfield Gardens, at £10 million, a

22,000 square foot freehold designed in 1873 by John Wimperis.

After restoration work under the aegis of architects Trehearne and Norman, Preston & Partners, in which some 12 tons of marble flooring were built in along with 20 tons of steel framework, it has a 60 foot main staircase, lift, and piped video and stereo system to complement the grand rococo-style ballroom and 10 bedroom suites, plus sauna and gymnasium. The agents Cluttons and Aylesford & Co say that there is interest from both private individuals and institutions.

Belgravia: Rare now are the large households typified by John Hawkesworth's television series *Upstairs Downstairs*, supposed to be set at 165 Eaton Place. Many of the imposing dwellings have been converted for multi-occupation.

The relaxation of user regulations after the Second World War brought an influx of embassies—there are some 26. Embassy use had been granted conditionally to 40 Belgrave Square back in the 1960s. Now it has planning permission for conversion into three maisonettes and a mews house. Chestertons Prudential are inviting in the region of £3.5 million for a 57 year lease.

There is usually something on offer in the £1 million and more bracket in Wilton Crescent, SW1, a grand sweep of houses built in 1827 by W. H. Seth-Smith and Thomas Cubitt, and named after the first Earl of Wilton.

Cadogan Place, with its tall terraces of white stucco Georgian and Victorian houses was, according to Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*, the

four years. This means a bill of around £10,000.

Gardening. There will not be much change from £5,000 to £7,000 per annum for a regular maintenance contract on a London garden of the Boltons type, says Charles Fenwick of Chelsea Gardens, Sydney Street. And many of the Wilton Crescent variety of owners spend up to £100 a week on fresh flowers.

Additional expenses include any upkeep of a swimming pool, insurance premiums, and rates, which can be £3,000 to £4,000 on a three-bedroom, two-bathroom apartment in Eaton Square.

Prime requirements for the property itself are a desirable location—near or in one of the royal parks, off one of the better garden squares, or along from Harrods—and good-sized rooms for entertaining. The security system inside and out should be sophisticated, and preferably there should be somewhere to house a Rolls or two. Valet-parking is acceptable for apartments, where adjacent facilities are often negligible.

Extraordinary prices are being asked, and paid, for the right to house your vehicle in London. It can be up to £30,000 for a space in a communal area beneath a block, in addition to what has been paid for the flat.

The Holme in Regent's Park, sold by Knight Frank & Rutley at around £5 million on behalf of the Crown Estate Commissioners a couple of years ago, is now undergoing transformation. One of the first priorities was to build a special architect-designed "motorhouse" to hold the 10 cars belonging to the family.

Stringent security has become something of a mania with Arabs and European buyers. And that means not only special locks on doors and windows. An early Victorian stucco-fronted, eight-bedroom, eight-bathroom detached house at 7 Holland Park, W11, sold in the region of £3 million through Chestertons Prudential Kensington office, has security grilles, an infra-red burglar-alarm system, electronic cameras with zoom lenses, as well as

remote-control garden lighting to pin-point any intruder.

One of the best marketing ploys is the "turnkey" operation, where a place is kitted out to the last teaspoon and flower tub. "Move in and give a dinner party the same night," is how Michael Duncan of W. A. Ellis promoted the newly converted apartments at Hans Crescent near Harrods. All the furnishings are included in the price tags of up to £1.75 million.

At Park St James, Prince Albert Road, NW8, a recently-built apartment block by Ladbroke Group's Gable House Properties, the second penthouse has been lavishly furnished to attract an overseas buyer. Its twin sold through Lassman's at the end of last year for £1.15 million to the Industrial Bank of Japan. As in New York, the Japanese are moving strongly into the commercial property market in London, and companies are looking for quality accommodation for their executives.

In Thurloe Square, SW7, originally laid out in 1840 by architect George

Basevi, G. Ware Travelstead, the American instigator of Docklands' Canary Wharf project, snapped up one of the elegant period houses almost as soon as it came on the market, buying through Savills at somewhere near £1.65 million. Amenities included a computerized telephone system, staff flat, piped stereo and external floodlighting. Extras, most of which were bought up too, were the English country-style furnishings arranged by leading interior designer Joanna Wood.

Gary Hersham of Beauchamp Estates maintains that those in the £4 million to £5 million class will continue to pay that sort of money, whatever the state of the economy. But any buyer of a £1 million-plus property must be convinced that it will be a sound investment—well-located, and with exceptional appeal. As Stuart Gold of Anscombe & Ringland says, "Put most simply, if a property can be resold, virtually immediately, for at least what is being paid for it, then the price is justifiable, however high that may be." ○



Above, refurbished house at 11 Chapel Street, Belgravia, with glassed-in balcony; Lassman's expect offers in excess of £1 million. Left, Arden Court Gardens, The Bishop's Avenue, Hampstead, where new, six-bedroom, five-bathroom houses are for sale through Bentleys from £1.25 million.

connecting link "between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea". The well-restored number 38, with seven bedrooms, four bathrooms, lift, garage, chauffeur's room and adjoining guest cottage, is £2,150,000 for the 63-year lease through Egerton Estate Agency and Francis Russell. For tennis buffs there is access to the communal courts and gardens opposite.

Kensington: The private, gated road, Kensington Palace Gardens, W8, laid out by James Pennethorne in 1843, is the original Millionaires' Row but now primarily the home of various embassies. The biggest deal there over the last few years was the sale, through Chestertons and

Knight Frank & Rutley, of Sir Alexander Korda's old house for more than £5 million for a new 60-year Crown Estate lease.

Handsome houses on the Phillimore Estate north of Kensington High Street, first developed in the 1780s by William Phillimore, make good prices, depending on the length of the lease. An effort is being made to standardize leases to expire in 2064. Between £1 million and £1.5 million should buy a Phillimore Gardens house on a 78-year lease.

St John's Wood, Hampstead and Highgate: With the well-established American School in Loudoun Road, many of the American bankers and financial experts imported to London last year to assist in the

Stock Exchange's Big Bang find the area convenient for their families and the City. Impressive-looking houses with sweeping carriage drives and formal dining-rooms in Avenue Road, NW8, come up for sale around £2.5 million.

Seclusion attracts a premium too. A Victorian artists' retreat in Wynchcombe Studios, NW3, on offer at £750,000, with planning permission for a 275 square metre extension, will be worth some £1.4 million when the work is done.

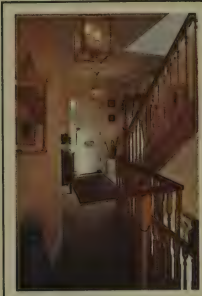
The Bishop's Avenue in Hampstead, so named because of its proximity to the site of the Bishop of London's Palace, has long had the label Millionaires' Row. New houses in nearby Arden Court Gardens are

designed by architects de Brant Joyce & Partners.

In Highfields Grove, Highgate, a cluster of handsome houses built by Rosehaugh Copartnership in the gardens of Witanhurst, London's largest house after Buckingham Palace, are now over £1 million.

The 10-bedroom Templars, with its special chauffeur's quarters, in Bishop's Grove, adjoining Highgate Golf Course, is done to builders' finish. David Hicks International will tailor the interior to your taste, a service included in the £5 million being asked by Million Dollar Homes. Houses in Winnington Road, Hampstead, are making nearly this amount too, if they have been done up on a luxury scale.

—The Establishment of Style—



Lynden Gate is a unique recreation of the finest squares of Regency London.

The first 12 homes in the second phase are occupied
and further houses are now being released.

These three storey properties have 3 glorious reception rooms and 2 or 3 bedrooms,
many with views across the heath that surrounds the development.

Freeholds which include double mews garages are offered for sale at around £300,000.

A brochure is available from: The Lynden Gate Sales Office, Portsmouth Road,
Putney Heath, London SW15. Tel: 01-789-5818.

The Showhouse is open Thursday to Monday, from 10am to 4pm.
From Putney Hill take Wildcroft Road and Lynden Gate is approached via Bristol Gardens.

The Royco Corporation, Royco House, Liston Road, Marlow, Bucks. SL7 1BX. Tel: (06284) 6922.

Lynden Gate

HOW

(OF EDINBURGH)

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH PROVINCIAL SILVER

AN EXHIBITION

Weekdays 1-9 April, 10.30a.m. – 6.30p.m.

at our new Showrooms

28 Albemarle Street, London W1X 3FA
Tel: 01 408 1867



"A visit recommended for the most discerning"

Tower House BATH

Here at **Tower House** we offer peace, privacy and sheer luxury in the heart of the countryside, yet situated in such close proximity to this world-renowned Georgian city.

We have created a small number of luxury suites, still retaining the charm of a family home. Personal service at all times from the resident proprietors Gino and Rosemary Marlon.

A MOST WARM WELCOME AWAITS YOU

Send for full brochure **Tower House, Batheaston, BATH, Avon BA1 7JF** Tel (0225) 852378

Superb cuisine using home grown and locally produced vegetables.

Overnight en suite facilities for 2 from £85 inclusive of full English breakfast.

Exquisite surroundings, Breathtaking views. However long or short your stay, let us make it memorable!

INDEPENDENCE AT A TOUCH OF A BUTTON

Relax with the Theramatic Fully Automatic Adjustable Bed

Relieves: RHEUMATIC PAINS
CHEST PROBLEMS
BACKACHE

Send for a free
Brochure.



AND NOW! THE AUTOMATIC SEATLIFT CHAIR

Stands you up.
Sits you down.
Nice & Gently.

AN IDEAL GIFT FROM THE FAMILY
Telephone (0985) 213440

SEND FOR A FREE BROCHURE
Theraposture Ltd., FREEPOST, NO STAMP
Warminster, Wilts. BA12 9YT. REQUIRED

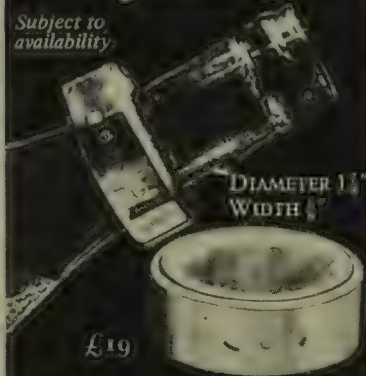
Please tick. ☐ Bed ☐ Chair

Name.....

Tel..... IL4

For the man who has everything

Subject to
availability



£19

A unique drip collar which consists of a lipped circle of hallmarked silver in which is a removable washable felt. It prevents the drip staining your tablecloth.

Price includes postage, packing and insurance anywhere.

Our brochures including other interesting items will be sent on request.



Silversmiths & Jewellers

28 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W1R 9TA
01-629 4289 01-499 7644

Mesopotamia revisited

Alan Borg, Director of the Imperial War Museum, reports on current work in Iraq where, in spite of the fighting, rescue excavation and restoration is still being carried out.

Iraq is not a country that many people consider visiting today, but it can be done and is well worth the effort, despite the dangers involved. I went to see how the great ancient sites, the cradles of western civilization, were faring after six years of war. First indications were not encouraging. The Iraq Museum in Baghdad, which houses those Mesopotamian treasures which did not find their way in the 19th century to London, Paris, or Berlin, is closed and its contents stored away to protect them from the occasional Iranian rocket that lands on the city.

The site of Ur of the Chaldees, in the south, is inaccessible and cannot be visited by Iraqis, let alone foreigners. It is close to the battle zone and reputedly has a large military base alongside. Elsewhere, however, the ancient sites survive and are in some senses flourishing. No excavation is taking place, but the Iraq Directorate of Antiquities assured me that there is a great deal of rescue archaeology at new sites threatened by some of the major engineering projects which are being undertaken all over the country. At the most famous sites a considerable amount of restoration is under way, not all of it well judged, in my view.

Nowhere is this clearer than at Babylon, where a wholesale reconstruction of Nebuchadnezzar's Southern Palace—the scene of Belshazzar's Feast and Alexander the Great's death—is being carried out in unattractive modern brick which manages to rob the building of both its grandeur and its mystery. A similarly tasteless reconstruction has been carried out on the Temple of E-Mah and on the Hellenistic theatre. Yet the huge size of the Ishtar gate still impresses and much of the rest of the city remains as it was left by the German excavators in 1917.

A better impression of the true grandeur of Neo-Babylonian architecture can be gained from two sites not far from Babylon. The ancient city of Kish, whose origins go back to the earliest Sumerian period, preserves substantial portions of two temples built by Nebuchadnezzar II (604-562 BC), constructed on earlier foundations. There is also a separate mound known as the red ziggurat, of great antiquity, on which were found the remains of an early palace complex. It was probably not a ziggurat (stepped temple) at all, but one

can be seen at Borsippa (Birs-Nimrud). These remote and magnificent ruins set on top of an enormous tell are the remains of an important temple that was visited by the Babylonian god Marduk during the Spring Festival, involving a stately procession along the Euphrates.

Apart from Ur itself, the best-preserved ziggurat in Mesopotamia is probably at Agargouf, near Baghdad, which was built by the Kassites in the 14th century BC. Rising 57 metres above the plain, it was mistaken by early travellers for the Tower of Babel. The first stage has been reconstructed, again in rather unsympathetic modern brick, but the remains of the central core are dramatically impressive, with horizontal bands of reed matting giving it the look of a giant layer cake. This reed bonding has survived for 3,000 years in incredible condition, looking and feeling as fresh as the day it was laid down.

The most famous Assyrian sites are in the north of Iraq, in the vicinity of Mosul. The activities of Kurdish rebels make some of these difficult to visit. It is necessary to get police and army permission and provision of an armed guard makes the journey seem more hazardous than it probably is. Assur, the first capital of the Assyrians, remains a dramatic and relatively unspoiled site. The original course of the Tigris, which provided the city's defences on three sides, is clearly visible and the mound of the ziggurat built by Shamshi-Adad I (1813-1781 BC) remains the most prominent feature.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the Directorate of Antiquities has been to prevent the site of Nineveh, across the Tigris from Mosul, from being turned into an industrial estate. The enormous walls, 12 kilometres in length and wide enough for three chariots to drive abreast, survive in remarkable condition. Within these walls are two great mounds: Kuyunjik where Layard discovered the palaces of Sennacherib and Ashurbanipal and removed their sculptures to the British Museum, and Nebi Yunus, today crowned by the shrine of the Prophet Jonah and, as holy ground, largely untouched by excavators.

A small section of Sennacherib's palace (704-681 BC) has been properly excavated and the rooms survive with sculpture *in situ*,

cracked and blackened by the fire of destruction which followed the Persian conquest of the city in 612 BC. However, while I was there bulldozers working on Nebi Yunus struck a nearly complete giant winged bull sculpture and this has reopened the question of whether formal excavations will be permitted on this sacred hill. Fortunately, reconstruction at Nineveh has been limited to sections of the walls and two of the gates, while the palace of Ashurbanipal, where Layard discovered the priceless library of cuneiform tablets, is now an inaccessible military site.

The best of all the Assyrian sites remains Nimrud, although a visit there requires extensive negotiations with the military authorities. Here there is a well preserved ziggurat mound, dating from the time of Shalmaneser III (858-824 BC), and here, too, Mallowan discovered the splendid ivories, now mostly in the British Museum, which were stripped from gold-encrusted furniture by the victorious Persians and thrown as worthless decorations into a well. Part of Ashurnasirpal II's palace (883-859 BC) has been preserved and well restored and here as nowhere else one can see the layout of an Assyrian palace and some of its magnificent decoration still *in situ*.

The fourth Assyrian capital, Khorsabad, was built by Sargon II (721-705 BC) and was the site of spectacular discoveries by Layard's French contemporary and rival, Botta. Further excavations were carried out by the Oriental Institute of Chicago in the 1920s but the site has now been deserted for many years. All that can be seen is the great mound and a few indistinguishable lumps of masonry.

Although the ancient Babylonian and Assyrian sites are the best-known antiquities in Iraq, there is also a considerable heritage of late Classical and Sassanian architecture, as well as some of the most dramatic early Islamic monuments to be found anywhere. As with the ancient sites, the Directorate of Antiquities has been concerned to restore these structures, but the results are on the whole happier than for the excavated monuments since there is more direct evidence on which restoration can be based.

Certainly, anyone who knows the great palace at Ctesiphon only from photographs is in for a surprise. This was the capital of the Sassanian Persians and the palace building is famous for having the widest (25 metres) and highest (37 metres) vault of unreinforced brickwork in the world. The great arch was flanked by two wings, but that on the right collapsed after serious flooding of the Tigris in 1909 and the monument is known to modern scholars with only one wing extant. The Iraqis have set about reconstructing the lost wing which, since it mir-



Top, temple of the sun within the circular walls of Hatra, a late Classical caravan town on the edge of the Syrian desert.

Above left, winged bull from the palace of Ashurnasirpal II (883-859 BC) in Nimrud, the best of the Assyrian sites. Above right, the unique spiral minaret, 52 metres high, at Samarra, the magnificent but short-lived (AD 836-876) Abbasid capital.

rored the remaining one, is a simple if large-scale task. The rebuilding is not yet complete but the palace is already partly restored to its original form. The great arched hall was apparently left entirely open at the front, like an enormous Bedouin tent, while the articulation of the wing façades reveals a mixture of Roman forms and Sassanian ornament. Ctesiphon is certainly one of the wonders of the late Classical world, although the date remains uncertain, with the third or fourth centuries AD being commonly proposed; it cannot fail to impress through its sheer size and unashamed vulgarity.

The real puzzle at Ctesiphon is the location of the rest of the town. It was a great capital, not just a palace, but there is no evidence of other buildings in the vicinity nor has any serious excavation been attempted. It is a similar story at Seleucia, the capital of Alexander's successor Seleucius, which lies on the opposite bank of the Tigris. Limited excavation has taken place here in the past

but the ruins are now in a military area so cannot be visited and the site awaits full-scale investigation.

Another spectacular late Classical site is Hatra, on the fringes of the Syrian desert and more or less directly opposite the much better-known town of Palmyra, although around 250 miles of barren waste separates the two. Hatra, like Palmyra, was a caravan town and also a religious centre, built by the Parthians and flourishing in the second and third centuries AD. Again like Palmyra, it exerted considerable independence from Rome and successfully repulsed the Emperor Trajan in 116 and Severus in 198, only to fall and be destroyed by the Persians around 250.

The city was enclosed by a great circular wall, much of which survives, and in the centre of the circle was a large square enclosure containing the temples of the sun. This central area survives in a remarkable state, although the rest of the town awaits excavation. The huge temples demonstrate the same rather

debased classical forms seen at Ctesiphon, but they cannot fail to impress on account of their size.

The circular plan of Hatra, itself derived from Assyrian military camps, may well have been one of the sources for al-Mansur's round city of Baghdad, founded in 762 as the new Abbasid capital of the Islamic world. This was to be the fabled city of Haroun-al-Rashid and the Arabian Nights, but the city was destroyed in 1258 by Hulagu, grandson of Genghis Khan, and all that survives is one of its four gates, today nestling beneath a motorway.

More fortunate was Samarra, where the caliph Mu'tasim built a new capital in 836. Like Sargon at Khorsabad or Akhenaton at Tel el Amarna in Egypt, Mu'tasim built a city that was destined to last for only a short time and 40 years after its foundation the capital returned to Baghdad. Yet in those 40 years Samarra was built into probably the largest city the world had ever seen. The main street was more than 20 kilometres long and at least 17 vast palaces were constructed. Samarra today is best known for its unique spiral minaret, adjoining the enormous courtyard of the Friday mosque. Apart from being a very beautiful structure, this minaret, 52 metres high, is clearly an Islamic version of a Mesopotamian ziggurat, several of which survived in better condition than they do today.

Not so large but just as impressive is the desert fortress of Ukhaidir. Whereas considerable reconstruction is under way at Samarra, little is needed here since the ruins are amazingly complete. It consists of a fortified enclosure some 170 metres square, with defensive round towers set along each side. Within the enclosure is a great palace building, with a succession of courtyards, reception rooms and long, vaulted corridors. The date and purpose of Ukhaidir have been much discussed, with opinion varying between a just pre-Islamic date and the Abbasid period. The most likely theory is that it was built by the millionaire recluse Isa ibn Musa, when he was forced to renounce his claim to the caliphate by his nephew al-Mansur in 778. Gertrude Bell, who had seen much, wrote that her first view of Ukhaidir was "of all the wonderful experiences to have fallen my way the most memorable". It is hard to disagree.

It remains true that a more than adequate impression of the early Mesopotamian civilizations can be gained from the galleries of western museums, but this is still no substitute for visiting the sites themselves. Once peace returns to Iraq the area will have considerable tourist potential, as the authorities clearly realize. One can only hope that they will keep their enthusiasm for restoration within bounds and not deprive these places of the majesty that properly belongs to ruins ○

H HONDA

Progress with Distinction

Ideal for the long drive.

The new Honda Legend is the flagship of our range. It is, quite simply, the best Honda yet.

Every detail of the traditional luxury saloon has been rethought, starting from basics and taking nothing for granted.

Engine performance and reliability draw on racing expertise that won us the 1986 Formula One Constructors' Championship.

And when it comes to luxurious appointments we haven't forgotten we've our high reputation to maintain.

Take the inside of the car. It may look and feel

like a successful Executive's saloon, but it is built with the driver firmly in mind.

All driving controls are grouped closely round the power-assisted steering wheel (whether you're opening the electric sun-roof, altering the power door mirrors or setting the cruise control).

While to open the boot or raise the aerial it goes without saying that you need never leave your seat.

Outside, those handsome lines bely months of painstaking wind tunnel testing. Flush mounted

headlights, aerodynamic bumpers and mirrors and a wraparound windscreen contribute to an impressively low drag coefficient of 0.32.

While under the bonnet purrs an all-new 24-valve 2.5 litre V6 engine with a Programmed Fuel Injection system perfected on the race track.

Yet these features are only the beginning.

We could tell you about the safety of servo-assisted fade resistant disc brakes or the 301° driver visibility. We could eulogise on the smoothness of double wishbone suspension,

or the practicality of a 470 litre boot.

But no, there's only one way to find out how the Legend earns its name. That is to come and take it for a drive, preferably a long one.

**H HONDA
LEGEND**

Honda (UK) Ltd., 4 Power Road, Chiswick,
London W4 5YT.

The Honda Legend manual transmission £14,700 and automatic £15,350 with special equipment pack including air conditioning, aluminium alloy wheels, cruise control plus other features at an additional £2,000. Prices include car tax and VAT but exclude delivery, number plates and road tax. Information correct at time of going to press. Williams-Honda, powered by the Honda engine, captured the Formula One 1986 Constructors' Championship. This year Honda F1 engines are powering not only Williams but also Lotus, making life twice as difficult for every other team.





How Esso did what the Romans didn't and the Saxons never tried.

Dig a little deeper into this story and its meaning will become clear.

It started early in 1985 with a plan to run a pipeline from our Fawley Refinery, near Southampton, to Seisdon, north-west of Birmingham.

As the crow flies, that's 130 miles. The route, however, was straight through the Marlborough Downs, the Cotswold Hills, and the Vale of Evesham.

There was natural concern. It wouldn't have worried the Saxons, though. Or the Romans. They'd have carved through our national heritage, and heaped earthworks to last a thousand years.

Esso, on the other hand, did neither.

Every inch of the pipeline was buried, without a trace we'd been there. Topsoil, walls and hedges were all put back.

First, however, with the Trust for Wessex Archaeology we dug historically – helping to discover some marvellous finds.

Perhaps the most remarkable was a completely unknown Iron Age hilltop settlement near Cirencester.

The most bizarre, certainly, was the skeleton of a woman from Roman times, buried with her boots still on.

Many finds are now displayed in the museums of five counties, and documented in *The Past in the Pipeline*. We're also happy to record that for this Esso received the Illustrated London News archaeology award from the British Archaeological Awards.

The Esso Midline Pipeline cost £40 million and, during construction, created over 1,000 jobs. Today it carries oil and petroleum products across country – safely, cleanly, economically and invisibly.

A true sign of our times.

For a free copy of our 25-page colour booklet, *The Past in the Pipeline*, written by the Trust, please write to The Public Affairs Department, Esso Petroleum Company Ltd., Esso House, Victoria Street, London SW1E 5JW.



Quality at work for Britain.

A MEMBER OF THE EXXON GROUP

Firm favourite for today's executive

Stuart Marshall assesses the benefits of owning a company car

The business car has an importance in Britain unequalled anywhere else in the world. Years ago, income-tax rates were so oppressive that there was no point giving an executive a large salary increase because the Inland Revenue would take most of it for themselves. So the practice grew of providing a car "on the firm" instead.

Precise data are hard to come by but it is now reckoned 50 per cent of all new cars are bought (or leased) with company, not a private individual's, money. When one considers the larger, costlier executive and senior management models, the proportion of business purchases goes up to something like 90 per cent.

The user of the company car pays a modest extra amount of tax on his salary; the exact amount depends on the engine capacity of the car, the amount of strictly business use it gets and whether the company pays for the petrol used off duty. However one looks at it, a company car is a most valuable perk. Just to be relieved of the need to borrow a five-figure sum of money to purchase a

car is pleasing. Not to have to think of the interest one would lose by investing the money in a car instead of equities is another bonus. Perhaps the greatest advantage is avoiding the capital loss when selling a two- or three-year-old car, which may realize only half its price when new.

Business cars fall into two classes. There are those purchased by fleet managers in large volumes and issued out to employees, who may not have much say as to the choice of car they receive. At senior management level, the person getting the company car has a larger say in the make and model, providing its cost falls within set guidelines.

The business-car system has made Britain a very important market for the makers of quality and luxury cars like BMW, Mercedes-Benz, Jaguar, Rover and Volvo. In some cases Britain is the best market in the world (or at least second-best after the USA) for the most expensive models in their ranges. The best sellers in the fleet end of the business car market are Ford. Last year Ford filled the first three places in the top

10 with the Escort (156,895 registrations), Fiesta (143,710) and the Sierra (113,860).

The only Austin-Rover Group car to exceed 100,000 registrations last year was the Metro (109,350); the Montego, which is crucial to the group's future profitability, scored only 62,660. Ford is expected to do even better this year than last, especially with the Sierra, which has been extensively improved and is now offered for the first time as a "three box" saloon with a boot. This version, the Sapphire, has been eagerly awaited because 40 per cent of the mid-sized car segment in Britain is for saloons, not hatchbacks like the original Sierra, and Ford had shut itself out of it. The Sapphires are slightly cheaper than their Sierra equivalents. It seems likely that Ford will make further gains at the expense of Vauxhall, whose aging Cavalier took a lot of business away from Ford in the early days of the Sierra but is now due for replacement by a new model late this year.

Rover is confident the Montego will at last live up to expectations. It

has been subtly altered in appearance and relaunched with advertising expected to give it a livelier image.

Few companies nowadays operate a "Buy British" policy for their car fleets, if only because it is difficult to know when a car really is British, so international has the motor industry become. Ford and Vauxhall sound comfortably British but in fact import some cars from Spain and Germany.

The qualities that make a car suitable for company use are the same as those that make it appeal to a private purchaser—reliability, ease of servicing and good retained value; a comfortable driving seat (crucially important to a high-mileage driver) and as many items of equipment, like a sunroof, as can be squeezed out of the manufacturer without putting up the price. Fuel economy is important, which is why some large fleets have converted to diesel-engined cars in the last year or two. An additional diesel benefit is a saving on service and maintenance. Diesels also tend to hold their value better than a petrol-engined car ○



Every classic work of art demands the deft touch of the mastercraftsman. The same is true of a Church's shoe.

It is quality craftsmanship and quality leathers that our reputation has been built on for the last 114 years.

Which is why such comfort, strength and elegance is built into each design.

BEHIND EVERY MASTERPIECE, AN ARTIST.

Of course, every work of art has its price. But for timeless styling and expertise it's a small price to pay.

Write for a copy of our catalogue and a list of local stockists to: Church & Co. (Footwear) Ltd., Dept. ILN1, St. James, Northampton, NN5 5JB.


Church's
FAMOUS ENGLISH SHOES



T H E N E W F O R D S C O R P I O 2 . 9

Carriages at 2 a.m.

It's difficult to say what impresses you most about the Scorpio.

The sweeping elegance of its lines, its extraordinary spaciousness or its abundant power, which is now delivered more smoothly and efficiently than ever thanks to our new 2.9 litre V6 engine.

The Scorpio has been built and equipped without compromise.

This, the latest Scorpio Executive, features leather upholstery, cruise control and an anti-theft alarm, not to mention a wealth of equipment like the fuel computer and air conditioning. And, as with all models in the Granada family, anti-lock brakes are standard. So if ever you're faced with a crisis which forces you to stand on the brakes, there's every chance you'll be able to steer out of trouble.

To make your journey even more relaxing, there's a 4-speed automatic gearbox with an overdrive top gear and everything that can be power assisted is power assisted, even the back seat adjustment – all at the touch of a button.

Perhaps it's no surprise then, that the Ford Granada family has picked up so many awards, 18 at the last count. Among them was the most prestigious honour of all – European Car of the Year 1986.



REVIEWS

CINEMA

The best yet on Vietnam

BY GEORGE PERRY

The action in *Platoon*, which opens in London on April 24, occurred 20 years ago, but its import remains relevant to this day. The major Hollywood companies refused to back this film, and it was a British firm, Hemdale, that eventually organized the financing. Hollywood's hesitancy is understandable because the subject-matter is painful. The film is unsparing of sensibilities—old wounds are stamped on and partially-healed scars reopened without apology. The hard-nosed accountants in the front offices scarcely expected such a picture, one that so skilfully analyses the moment in recent history when America lost its way, to go to the top of the box-office charts, but it is gratifying that there are still some surprises left.

Platoon is the Vietnam movie. Few have attempted to make a film about this uneasy war that America lost and which was to mar the 1960s. It is hard medicine to take. Hitherto, the only films of any consequence showing the conduct of the war were Cimino's *The Deer Hunter* in 1978 and Coppola's ambitious *Apocalypse Now*, released in 1979. Albeit set in Vietnam, Coppola's film used Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* as its basis, and followed an up-river journey that slid into fantasy with Marlon Brando's bizarre manifestation in the final sequence as the leader of a jungle sect.

By contrast, *Platoon* keeps a very firm hold on reality throughout. It is by no means a perfect work, and suffers from an unnecessary and platitudinous narration which intrudes at times on the soundtrack. Nevertheless, because it speaks with an authentic voice, it should be regarded as a great war film, to stand with *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *La Grande Illusion* and *Paths of Glory* as among the best. Its director, Oliver Stone, served in the 25th Infantry in 1967-68, and a character resembling him, a college dropout in



Tom Berenger as the tough old sweat, terrorizing Vietnamese villagers in *Platoon*, in London from 24 April.

search of some sort of truthful experience, is played by Charlie Sheen (who, coincidentally, is the son of Martin Sheen, the seeker in *Apocalypse Now*).

The much-criticized narration may well be Stone's method of humanizing the film to make it acceptable to an audience, for without it there would be scarcely a single reassuring moment. Stone wrote his screenplay seven years after his discharge, having been twice wounded during 15 months of combat duty. Attempts to sell the script were abortive and, meanwhile, he became engaged on other films, including Alan Parker's *Midnight Express*, which he wrote. More recently he has emerged as a new and powerful force in the American cinema with the film *Salvador*, which he wrote and directed.

In Vietnam, Stone found that the ordinary soldiers tended to be poor, under-privileged, ill-educated misfits. Middle-class college students were better placed to obtain deferments, so fewer of them served in the ranks. Stone was amazed to find that the "grunts", as they called themselves, were the ones who were doing most of the fighting, even though they had only a sketchy

idea of what the war was about, or even where they were, and lived in perpetual terror of ambush in an alien environment as far removed from the plains of the Midwest or the woods of Appalachia as it was possible to conceive.

The jungle setting of *Platoon* is claustrophobic and narrow, with vegetation so dense that the sky is rarely visible. The filming was carried out in the Philippines and the actors who form the platoon were made to shape up in conditions and terrain as close as possible to those that would have been experienced in Vietnam.

There are two sergeants, portraying both sides of the professional coin. One is a decent man, played by William Dafoe, who still feels a deep personal pain when young men in his charge die. The other, played by Tom Berenger, his features marred by a hideous cicatrice snaking down his face from an earlier battle, has become a part of the horror, and is a hard-skinned old sweat driving his soldiers through the nightmare. Villagers are killed and their homes burned because hidden arms have been uncovered within the perimeter in a military response as crude and cruel as the war tactics of the Middle Ages. Even the language, and its talk of putting villages to the torch, sounds like something from a historian's essay.

Stone orchestrates the tension

with great skill, allowing the climax of the film to be a night battle of such noise, ferocity and confusion, with gunfire, flashes and explosions overwhelming the audience to an extent that one emerges with a ringing head.

That is the film's purpose and it succeeds. It shows how the experience of the war would not only traumatize forever those who took part but also bring about a profound change in public attitudes.

THEATRE

Kiss Me Kate bites back

BY J. C. TREWIN

No doubt Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate* is primarily for non-Shakespeareans. After all, why not? One agreeable thing is that this revival of a musical (how long since we talked of musical comedy?), based on *The Taming of the Shrew*, has had its early performances on the stage of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. It may help—and that is especially agreeable—with the RSC's balance-sheet; the Company could do with a firm success. Its London opening is on May 19 at the Old Vic, an address that still retains memories

of a high Shakespearian past.

I have met few musicals borrowed from the Folio, though I do think of *West Side Story*, which took only the idea of its narrative from *Romeo and Juliet*. A version of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was fairly tepid, and there was an unfortunate *Boys from Syracuse* from *The Comedy of Errors* which, like the *Shrew*, has had a lot to put up with in its time.

Kiss Me Kate, taking its title from one of Petruchio's last lines in the *Shrew*, is fortunate in the Porter songs to his own lyrics: he enjoyed the intricate rhyming, particularly in "We Open in Venice" and "Brush Up Your Shakespeare". Sam and Bella Spewack, experienced librettists both, had more trouble with the book. They had to brush up their own Shakespeare and include suitably tailored chunks of the *Shrew* text between the story of a modern Petruchio and Kate. The result, though it can get a trifle tangled, is often most amusing, if scarcely what we expect at Stratford: still, Jonathan Miller is directing the original non-musical there in September, so tamer and tamed will be seen in a more familiar guise.

At present, in the characters of Fred Graham and Lilli Vanessi, they head a company alleged to be acting the *Shrew* at Baltimore before an amiable audience (probably largely non-Shakespearian). Fred and Lilli have been divorced, but it needs no marked gift of prophecy to suggest that they may come together again by the end of the evening. Compressed fragments of the original, as a play within a play, do not count very much. We are more concerned with what happens in the Baltimore dressing-rooms. Here the cast is extremely professional. So, for that matter (observe Jeffery Dench's Baptista) it is in the *Shrew* fragments where it represents strollers—I used to know them as pomping folk—engaged, presumably, to perform the comedy before Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker.

Paul Jones and Nichola McAuliffe thrust splendidly at the characters, both Shakespeare's and those of the Spewacks. Miss McAuliffe is an animated thundercloud; she stands blazing defiance, with folded arms and upflung head. Both players do honour to the inventive Porter songs. Mr Jones has two Shakespearian-sounding numbers, "I've Come to Wive it Wealthily in Padua" and "Where is the Life that Late I Led?". Kate sings "Women Are So Simple" in the ebb of the night when the entire business is cleared up, within five minutes or so.

During the second half two gangsters named Joe (Emil Wolk) and Max (John Bardon) suddenly take over for a while. Vaguely attached to the offstage plot, they have been around in "drag", but obviously they are in the cast simply to sing "Brush Up Your Shakespeare", just the

number for Stratford-upon-Avon, as I imagine it will be for the Vic. The tune is secondary; the lyric an effort to fit in as many titles as possible.

The company, under Adrian Noble, lets nothing slide; Fiona Hendley is an amusing little snapdragon as the actress Bianca who sings "Always True to You (In My Fashion)", and Ron Field's choreography is first-rate.

OPERA

Covent Garden gets a new Norma

BY MARGARET DAVIES

It was brave of Margaret Price to choose Bellini's *Norma* for her long-heralded return to the Royal Opera House. The title role is both vocally arduous and dramatically demanding and on it the whole performance must turn, the rest of the cast being essentially supporting players. Since 1861, when Giuditta Pasta sang at the Milan première, the Druid priestess has been portrayed by a succession of great sopranos, among them Grisi, Malibran, Lehmann, Ponselle and, most recently, Maria Callas. On the evidence of the first performance of the new Royal Opera production, expertly conducted by John Pritchard, Margaret Price has secured her place in the firmament. Her singing displayed power in the dramatic passages, lyrical tenderness in the scenes with her children, fluency in coloratura, eloquent phrasing and the full, rounded tones that are the *sine qua non* of *bel canto* singing. There were one or two faltering moments in Act I but the aria which opens Act II demonstrated a complete recovery of vocal control which she maintained for the rest of the evening. The weak spot of Miss Price's *Norma* is her serenely passive demeanour, even when her singing projects fire and fury, as in the scenes with Pollione.

John Copley's production, while supportive of the soprano, does not help her to achieve a convincing portrayal of the priestess who has broken her vows and been betrayed by her lover—more than statuesque poses and semaphoring arms is needed. In fact none of the singers showed more than a superficial degree of dramatic involvement in their roles. Giuseppe Giacomini contributed some ringing top notes to a serviceable performance as Pollione but his vocal style is ill-suited to Bellini's lyrical vocal lines. Alicia Nafé, the Argentinian mezzo, brought dark-hued tones to the role of Adalgisa, Norma's rival in love, which blended less than ideally with Miss Price's creamy soprano in the



Linda Ormiston as Mad Margaret in New Sadler's Wells Opera's *Ruddigore*.

great duet "Mira, o Norma".

Gwynne Howell sang mellifluously as Oroveso, the Druid leader, but he and the other Druids and the warrior Gauls were afflicted with wigs of such length and shagginess that the costume designer Bob Ringwood only narrowly avoided introducing an unseemly element of comedy. His colour scheme, harmonious in Act I with all the costumes based on Norma's peacock-

blue dress, was moreover spoilt by switching over to burnt orange and by giving Norma three different coloured changes of dress in Act II. This fussiness was echoed in Robin Don's sets. Based on a raised, tilted disc, which had the advantage of improving the sight-lines, they were cluttered with overhead vegetation, rocks, a crescent moon emblem and other symbols while the vital cluster of mistletoe for Norma to cut was pushed on stage on a dead branch almost as an afterthought.

There is considerably greater visual pleasure to be derived from New Sadler's Wells Opera's centenary production of *Ruddigore*. Ian Judge's neatly-timed send-up of Gilbert and Sullivan's burlesque of a Victorian melodrama is slickly staged by Gerard Howland in a replica of a Victorian theatre. The new staging also returns to the original score, so that the ghosts of the Murgatroyd ancestors descend a second time from their picture frames to pair up in the end with the professional bridesmaids—cut by the composers after the first night because it gave offence to a Victorian audience.

Among the many well-tuned caricatures are Marilyn Hill Smith's demure, bespectacled Rose Maybud, David Hillman's salty Richard Dauntless, Thomas Lawlor's ripe Sir Roderick, and Linda Ormiston's exuberantly up-dated *clocharde* version of Mad Margaret.

Make a blind man see. £10.

Cataracts strike thousands of elderly people in India and Africa, leaving them blinded and helpless.

Yet cataracts can be cured by a simple operation that costs as little as £10.

Help the Aged is running ophthalmic programmes in India and Africa that are steadily eliminating as many cataracts as we have funds for – nearly 5000 last year. But our work cannot stop there.

Money is desperately needed to support projects that tackle the root causes of the problem – poverty, bad hygiene, malnutrition.

Please be as generous as you can, as soon as possible, because when blindness is the problem, prevention is the best cure of all.


To Help the Aged, Project 72401 FREEPOST, London EC1B 1BD.

I enclose my cheque/postal order for £ _____

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms) _____ (BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

Address _____

Postcode _____


Help the Aged
THE TIME TO CARE IS NOW.

The Prime Minister that might have been

BY ROBERT BLAKE

RAB

The Life of R. A. Butler
by Anthony Howard
Cape, £15

This is an excellent biography. Anthony Howard, a supporter of the Labour Party, might not seem the ideal person to be chosen by Rab himself as his official biographer. Rab was deeply involved in the varying fortunes of the Conservative Party for more than 35 years. One might have feared that Mr Howard would lack not sympathy with his subject—otherwise he would not have accepted the task—but understanding and appreciation of the nuances and overtones of a party so very different from that of his own preference. This fear is quite unfounded. He is not only generous and sympathetic but highly perceptive. He may not like the Conservatives but he understands what makes them tick. The choice, however odd, is fully vindicated by the result. If, as Rab hoped, the book had been finished in time for him to see it in draft there might perhaps have been some difficult shoals to navigate. But he died only two years after the author began work, and so the passage was clear.

An interesting study could be written of “might-have-been” Prime Ministers—Charles James Fox, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir William Harcourt, Joseph Chamberlain and his

son Austen, Lord Curzon, Lord Halifax. Some of these, e.g. Curzon, were perhaps closer to the top in their own imagination than reality. But of those who were genuine “near misses” the supreme exemplar is Rab, who held almost all the great offices of state, was twice tipped for the succession and twice pipped at the post. The man who was his undoing on both occasions was Harold Macmillan. Preferred by the Cabinet, which in effect elected its Prime Minister in 1957, he used all his power to stop Rab succeeding him in 1963. Not surprisingly Mr Howard uses critical language about him—“tough”, “ruthless”, “unctuous”. We will have to wait for the other side of the case from Alistair Horne’s authorized biography of Macmillan later this year.

Rab was in many ways unlucky. His best chance of becoming Prime Minister was on neither of the occasions normally cited. It was earlier, when Churchill and Eden were simultaneously incapacitated in 1953 and Macmillan was not thought of as a serious runner. He presided over 16 successive Cabinet meetings between June 29 and August 18. Churchill’s recovery seemed at first very doubtful. If Rab had pressed for the Prime Ministership could he have been refused? Many believe not. But it was out of his whole character to press. He was

sometimes ready to take opportunities but never to make them. In 1957 he was doubly handicapped. A serious virus infection, with, some say, permanently adverse effects, had kept him out of action for most of July, 1956. He was not in on the genesis of the Suez invasion. He went along with it later but half-heartedly. The halfness of his heart was obvious, for no man could be more indiscreet, and it buzzed through the clubs and salons of London. But it fell to him as second man in the Cabinet to preside over the dismal retreat from the Canal while Eden was recuperating in the West Indies. To all he did Macmillan and the Cabinet gave full assent, but he got the backlash; his association with appeasement in the 1930s may also have harmed him, although six years later it did not harm Lord Home who had been Neville Chamberlain’s PPS at the time. In 1963, however, Macmillan could effectively arrange the succession.

Rab was a great public servant but perhaps he lacked the political gifts which bring people to the top. Baldwin, Churchill and Macmillan took infinite trouble with their speeches; they were actors who wrote their own parts with great care. There is little about Rab’s rhetoric in this book, probably because he did not make much of it himself. He was an adequate but not an inspired per-

former. He was an efficient administrator—a Peel rather than a Disraeli. He was basically unsure of himself and unwilling to take risks.

Then there were those oblique, ambiguous and ambivalent remarks which came to be known as “Rabisms” and, especially when reported to the media, did him no good. The most famous was his assent to a journalist’s meaningless question about Eden: “Do you think he is the best Prime Minister we have?”, to which he replied “Yes”. In no time at all the question was converted into a statement and attributed to Rab. There were others. “My determination is to support the Prime Minister in all his difficulties,” was not exactly a call to arms. Or of Macmillan, “I shall always remain loyal to the Prime Minister as long as he remains our leader and Prime Minister.” But the best was of no political significance. When Sir Michael Fraser, a key figure in the Party organization for nearly 30 years, retired in 1975, Rab wrote a letter of apology for absence from the occasion. It began, “There is no one I would rather attend a farewell meeting for than Michael.” Did he really mean it? Whatever he meant, deadpan ambiguity is not the hallmark of those who go to the top. At the end of this marvellously readable biography one is left wondering whether Rab ever really wanted to get there.

RECENT FICTION

Four novel interpretations of real life

BY IAN STEWART

Change

by Maureen Duffy
Methuen, £10.95

Famous Last Words

by Timothy Findley
Macmillan, £9.95

To Kill A God

by Paul Rodgers
Heinemann, £10.95

The Memoirs of Christopher Columbus

by Stephen Marlowe
Cape, £10.95

The hybrid form known as “faction”, which uses real-life characters in a fictional narrative, is the literary equivalent of the dramatized documentary on television. It yields a kind

of historical novel in which the history is contemporary and has the actuality of a newsreel. But the search for documentary precision is also manifest in a this-is-how-it-was evocation of the recent past like Maureen Duffy’s novel *Change* in which the characters are “real”, not because they are household names, but because they are ordinary people whose lives are realistically portrayed against their historical background.

It is an account of the impact of the Second World War on people in Britain. Ms Duffy’s kaleidoscopic method, as she cuts sharply between middle-class homes and working-class ones, between grammar and public school, and follows her characters where overseas service takes them (the war in the desert, convoys in the Arctic Circle), is at first disconcerting. But as we meet each of them for the second time, and episodes begin to overlap, the mosaic takes shape.

The experience of war is seen from many angles—through the eyes of a bomber pilot who aspires to be a

poet, an exiled Polish officer who joins the Royal Navy, a survivor of the First World War like Wilf, now in the Home Guard and studying a manual on guerrilla warfare. The author’s technique is particularly effective when she closes in on vividly realized scenes like a family Christmas party or the ordeal of a young sailor left alone on a raft after his ship had been sunk by a Japanese submarine, and when she shows how people responded to the opportunity for service and earning good money by driving ambulances or making munitions.

While *Change* is about ordinary people *Famous Last Words*, by the Canadian novelist Timothy Findley, includes a starry cast of characters taken from real life and is concerned with a more sensational kind of truth-telling. As a riveting thriller it begins in March, 1945 with the flight of an expatriate, pro-Fascist American writer, Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, out of Italy to a hotel in the Austrian Alps. A successful and well-connected novelist and journalist, and protégé of Ezra Pound, Mauber-

ley had frequented the ice-bound Grand Elysium Hotel before the war when his fellow guests had included Somerset Maugham, the Hemingways, Garbo and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. When in the late 1930s his inspiration as a writer had begun to flag he had been caught up in Operation Penelope, a bizarre Buchanesque conspiracy (involving Ribbentrop, Count Ciano, Charles Lindbergh and others) to save the world from Bolshevism, with the Duke of Windsor as its figurehead.

Findley’s name-dropping extravagance may not be to everyone’s taste but technically his novel is an accomplished one, moving confidently about in time and space, its narrative being the story the fugitive Mauberley had frantically scrawled over the walls of four rooms in the hotel after burning his notebooks. His testimony is read by two American officers after they have discovered his frozen corpse, Mauberley having been murdered by one of the many people bent on suppressing his story.

In this kind of “faction”, however,

one is liable to run into the problem of credibility: Findley's celebrities (with the exception of Ezra Pound, the visionary with "one mad eye") are not flesh and blood characters like Mauberley or the two officers who argue over his treachery. A gossip if colourful interest therefore attaches to an episode such as the encounter between Mauberley and the ambitious Wallis Simpson in Shanghai where they both fall for a young Russian émigré. Much more stimulating is the strand of reflective commentary running through the book with its insights into the corruption of mind and spirit in a disintegrating world.

To Kill A God, Paul Rodgers's first novel, and *The Memoirs of Christopher Columbus*, Stephen Marlowe's 11th, are more obvious period pieces. The former is an exercise in knocking a hero off his pedestal, its victim Captain Cook who was killed by Hawaiian islanders on his third voyage of exploration in 1779. The case against Cook is that he authorized the sadistic treatment of natives found guilty of theft, exploited the credulity of those who deified him as Lono, god of the sea, and that some degree of insanity was responsible for the fatal neglect of duty leading to the massacre of which he himself was a victim. There is also a hint of sodomy. As the good, or not so good, Captain is being tried in *absentia* Mr Rodgers can hint at anything he likes. He keeps one waiting a long time anyway for these revelations which emerge from an inquiry into Cook's death held on board the *Resolution*. But certainly he has worked hard at his effects in describing the mixture of daring and science that took the *Resolution* and her sister ship the *Discovery* on their hazardous voyage to the South Seas.

Stephen Marlowe's device is to have Columbus tell his own story. As the Admiral of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy of the Indies knows his own mind and likes the sound of his own voice the result is a lengthy, high-spirited autobiography. It begins with his birth on a ship taking his family from Spain to Italy and ends when, on what had threatened to be his deathbed, it first occurs to him to write it. In between we are treated to a boisterous account of adventures and misadventures on land and sea, a spell in the secret service to help defeat the Moors in Granada, and the historic moment when, in 1492, he sailed west into the unknown on the Great Venture. Stephen Marlowe finds room on his broad canvas for kings and queens, deferential courtiers, a host of colourful rogues as shipmates, Columbus's lovers, gypsies and pirates and, memorably depicted, the Grand Inquisitor Torquemada. His narrative is sometimes too breezy for my taste but he has a surer touch when viewing his subject with ironic detachment.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Kobbé's Complete Opera Book

Edited by the Earl of Harewood
The Bodley Head, £30

This is the avid operagoer's desert island book, revised, reset and redesigned to a larger, more manageable format. There are now entries on more than 300 operas, each including a summary of the libretto, musical analysis and examples.

This new edition, the 10th since 1919 when the American critic Gustave Kobbé's posthumous work first appeared, has crept a little closer to fulfilling its impossible claim to be complete with the addition of 29 extra operas. Lord Harewood first put his thumbprint on the 1954 edition and he has successively introduced more and more 20th-century works.

The composers who can now be considered to have made the grade include the Germans Orff, Ullmann, Ligeti and Reimann, the Britons Birtwistle and Knussen, the American Philip Glass and the Finn Aulis Sallinen, who is about to make his entry at the Royal Opera House.

The last opera in the book is *The Red Line* by Sallinen—an apparent afterthought since it does not feature in the table of contents. In fact the errors and spelling mistakes in the contents are rather a blot on this invaluable and highly readable book, which is still marvellous value at the price.

The Faber Book of Diaries

Edited by Simon Brett
Faber & Faber, £12.95

The editor has had the good idea of presenting this anthology in diary form. There are several entries for every day of the year, ranging over 400 years and more than 100 diarists, many well-known and eminent, some of them not, though their entries, thanks to judicious selection, are often as interesting. This book could make diarists of us all.

TOP CHOICE

Baldwin

by Roy Jenkins
Collins, £12.95

This is a book of highlights. The big events over which Baldwin quietly presided—the abdication of Edward VIII, the General Strike, the formation of the National Government, the attempt to ignore the threat from Europe—are vividly analysed and full of fireworks, and it is for these, and for the author's always interesting interpretations, that this book should be read. And like the last eruption of a Roman Candle, there is a sparkling appendix of potted biographies of most of the public figures of the Baldwin era.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- (—) **An Artist of the Floating World** by Kazuo Ishiguro
Faber & Faber, £9.95
Whitbread winner, Booker shortlisted and an excellent novel.
- (1) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95
Another of his gusty Asian sagas.
- (3) **The Old Devils** by Kingsley Amis
Hutchinson, £9.95
It may be about the elderly by an older writer but all the Amis fizz is still there. It deserved to win last year's Booker Prize.
- (—) **Red Storm Rising** by Tom Clancy
Collins, £10.95
Superpower warfare in shattering detail.
- (—) **Heart of the Country** by Fay Weldon
Hutchinson, £8.95
The feminists strike again, enjoyably.
- (2) **Yes, Prime Minister** by Jonathan Lynn and Anthony Jay
BBC, £8.95
- (—) **The Enchanter** by Vladimir Nabokov
Picador, £8.95
A posthumous fragment from the master.
- (—) **Windmills of the Gods** by Sidney Sheldon
Collins, £10.95
US lady ambassador strides into Iron Curtain trouble.
- (—) **The Garden of Eden** by Ernest Hemingway
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95
Cool, posthumous novel.
- (4) **Bolt** by Dick Francis
Michael Joseph, £9.95
A somewhat muddled plot prevents it from being vintage Francis.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- (—) **Don't Ask the Price** by Marcus Siefel
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95
Stirring autobiography and history of his family company Marks & Spencer.
- (—) **The Fatal Shore** by Robert Hughes
Collins Harvill, £15
Australia's first 200 years.
- (—) **The Rotation Diet** by Martin Katahn
Bantam Press, £9.95
- (—) **Black and Gold** by Anthony Sampson
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95
Well-researched picture of South Africa.
- (2) **Catwatching** by Desmond Morris
Jonathan Cape, £4.95
The master of human behaviour turns to cats.
- (4) **Between the Woods and the Water** by Patrick Leigh Fermor
John Murray, £13.95
Marvellously written, gentle travel book.
- (—) **The Ultimate Alphabet** by Mike Wilks
Pavilion, £9.95
A puzzle that provides a chance to win £10,000.
- (—) **Hugh Johnson's Pocket Wine Book 1987** by Hugh Johnson
Mitchell Beazley, £4.95
- (—) **Made in Japan** by Akio Morita
Collins, £12.95
The country's estimable success story.
- (—) **The Blind Watchmaker** by Richard Dawkins
Longman, £12.95
Brilliant, readable account of evolution.

PAPERBACK FICTION

- (4) **Break In** by Dick Francis
Pan, £2.95
- (10) **The Name of the Rose** by Umberto Eco
Picador, £3.95
Knowledgeable thriller set in medieval times.
- (—) **Rumpole's Last Case** by John Mortimer
Penguin, £2.95
- (—) **Lake Wobegon Days** by Garrison Keillor
Faber & Faber, £3.50
Leads you gently into US small-town life.
- (1) **London Match** by Len Deighton
Grafton, £2.95
Part three of a Cold War saga.
- (—) **The Mosquito Coast** by Paul Theroux
Penguin, £2.95
Starting life anew in the jungle.
- (5) **Live Flesh** by Ruth Rendell
Arrow, £2.75
Expert psychological murder mystery.
- (2) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James
Faber & Faber, £5.95
Clever and exciting forensic fiction.
- (—) **Lie Down with Lions** by Ken Follett
Corgi, £2.95
A thriller of deadly intrigue.
- (—) **The Storyteller** by Harold Robbins
New English Library, £2.95
Striking it rich as a writer in Hollywood.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- (—) **Runaway** by Lucy Irvine
Penguin, £2.95
What the castaway did before going to her desert island.
- (1) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof
Penguin, £3.95
Frank, fighting life story of a pop star who became a world leader in fund-raising.
- (—) **Castaway** by Lucy Irvine
Penguin, £2.95
- (—) **The Jaguar Smile** by Salman Rushdie
Picador, £2.95
A tourist's look at Nicaragua—and his conclusions.
- (—) **The City of Joy** by Dominique Lapierre
Arrow, £3.95
Moving picture of the slums of Calcutta.
- (—) **Swimming to Cambodia** by Spalding Gray
Picador, £3.50
An American relates diverse experiences in his entertaining "monologues".
- (2) **Falling Towards England** by Clive James
Picador, £3.50
- (—) **Slightly Foxed** by Angela Fox
Fontana, £2.95
A mother on her famous acting progeny.
- (—) **The Periodic Table** by Primo Levi
Abacus, £3.95
Intriguing autobiography by a concentration-camp survivor.
- (—) **Frank Sinatra—My Father** by Nancy Sinatra
Coronet, £3.50

Brackets show last month's position.
Information from Book Trust.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

BATEMAN'S EYE FOR A GAFFE

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects coming up for sale in April at Bonhams. They are a Bateman cartoon, a Kasghai rug, a Dutch oil painting and a cycling trophy. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices these may fetch with those of a panel of experts from the three London salerooms taking part: Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips, and chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*.

The affectionate lampooning of middle-class pretensions and snobberies lay at the heart of the humour of H. M. Bateman, two of whose cartoons are being sold at Bonhams on April 30. One of his favourite vehicles was a long-running series on "The man who...". Usually these showed an embarrassed figure who had just committed a social gaffe surrounded by horrified onlookers, rather than the smug hero of the two illustrated here, which were commissioned by a cigarette manufacturing company.

Bateman's revolution was to draw people not, in the traditional manner, as they looked, but as they *felt*. In bringing a new vivacity and economy of line to British comic art he earned himself wide fame.

Born in Australia in 1887 of English parents, he returned with them to England aged one. After art school in London he worked for three years in the London studio of a Dutch painter, Charles van Havenmaet, finding it hard to decide between fine art and caricature. A shy and diffident young man, he decided in favour of a childhood ambition to make people laugh. After living many years in London and Surrey he retired to Devon, there to indulge his passion for trout fishing. He died in Malta in 1970 aged 82.

£1,000 for Kent reader

The February auction was won by a reader in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, E. J. Silk, who will receive a £1,000 voucher from Phillips for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items estimated by the *ILN* panel. The reader's estimate was £46,330, £10 within the panel's aggregate of £46,340, which was made up as follows:

A Scottish snaphaunce pistols	£28,800
B Louis XV commode	£10,900
C Valentine cards	£120
D The Muratti trophy	£6,520



Left, H. M. Bateman's cartoon *The Man Who Lit Up at the Wicket*, sold at Bonhams last October for £750.

A Bateman snooker cartoon
The Man Who Lit Up at the Snooker Table by H. M. Bateman, watercolour, 41 × 38½ cm. In a sale of Prize and Field Sports on April 30 at 11 am. (Viewing April 25 10 am-4 pm, 27, 28, 9 am-7 pm, 29, 9 am-3 pm.) Bonhams' estimate: £500-£700.



ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 BONHAMS VOUCHER



B Oriental rug. Kasghai rug from Persia, c1900, 237 × 147 cm. In a sale of Oriental Rugs and Carpets on April 23 at 11am. (Viewing April 21, 9am-7pm, 22, 9am-5pm, 23, 9am-10.30am.) Bonhams' estimate: £800-£1,000.

C Dutch Old Master

Travellers Watering their Horses Outside an Inn, 17th century, by Barent Gael, signed, oil on canvas, 18½ × 15¼ in.

One of a pair. In a sale of Old Masters on April 9 at 11am. (Viewing April 6, 8, 9am-5pm, 7, 9am-7pm.)

Bonhams' estimate (for pair): £8,000-£12,000.



D Cycling trophy

Portsmouth Road and Racing Club Challenge Trophy, 1924, presented to J. S. Dikes. Hallmarked silver,

43 cm high, the lid with figure of racing cyclist and machine. In a sale of Veteran, Vintage and Classic Vehicles and Automobilia at Bonhams' Motor Vehicles Department, Syon Park, Brentford on April 29

at noon. (Viewing April 27, 2-7pm, 28, 10am-7pm, 29, 9-11.30am.)

Bonham's estimate: £700-£1,200.

HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Bonhams in London in April. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Bonhams which can be redeemed at any Bonhams sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the cartoon by H. M. Bateman, which the experts judged the most difficult of the four

items to estimate, most closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the April competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than April 30, 1987. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the April, 1987 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the April auction will be announced in the July issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Phillips.

APRIL COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by April 30, 1987.

Send the completed form to:

The Illustrated London News (April Auction)
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

Estimate for object A _____ Estimate for object C _____

Estimate for object B _____ Estimate for object D _____

TOTAL ESTIMATE _____

Name _____

Address _____

HOLIDAY DREAMS

come true at the DELTA HOTEL in the picturesque village of ASCONA (southern Switzerland), far away from the traffic at Lago Maggiore.

The DELTA HOTEL, decorated with five stars, provides the most luxurious amenities and facilities to meet the highest demands of its guests—all your wishes will be fulfilled!



The DELTA HOTEL's cuisine soignée is well known and its carefully selected wines will appeal to every fastidious palate.

Enjoy your holidays in these idyllic surroundings!



The sunny hotel-park with sub-tropical vegetation offers a restful environment. It is equipped with a kindergarten, piano bar, four illuminated outdoor tennis-courts and four indoor courts. There are also both outdoor and indoor swimming pools, a minigolf range, driving range and an 18 hole golf course in the vicinity, and many other leisure facilities.

You will spend unforgettable and splendid holidays in the paradise landscape of Ticino.



Please ask for our prospectus.

★★★★★
hotel delta
ASCONA

CH-6612 Ascona / TI Tel. 0104193-35 11 05
Telex 846 101



CAREFREE RETIREMENT IN AN HISTORIC COUNTRY MANSION

Private apartments for long-term occupation are available in our historic houses each of which is set within extensive private grounds.

The properties are easily accessible and are situated in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Essex, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire and Devon.

All have been tastefully converted to provide luxury living whilst retaining their original character and atmosphere.

All services including meals, cleaning and heating are provided by Resident Administrators.

Write or telephone for our illustrated brochure.



COUNTRY HOUSES ASSOCIATION
(D4) 41 Kingsway, London WC2B 6UB
telephone 01-836 1624



SUSSEX BY THE SEA

But there is a lot more to Sussex than just Sea, Sun and the South Downs
For instance by car you can reach:

- IN ½ HOUR:- GOODWOOD-racing and polo; ARUNDEL-Castle; CHICHESTER-Festival Theatre; BRIGHTON-Royal Pavilion.
- IN 1 HOUR:- HEATHROW & GATWICK-airports; GUILDFORD-Cathedral; GLYNDEBOURNE-Opera; WISLEY, SHEFFIELD PARK, POLESDEN LACEY, PETWORTH-jardens.
- IN 1½ HOURS:- WINCHESTER-Cathedral; LONDON-the capital; SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH, DOVER & NEWHAVEN-South Coast ports.

FROM

Abingworth Hall

A Michelin, Egon Ronay, AA., RAC, and B.T.A., Commended Country House Hotel standing in its own grounds of 8 acres. Here at Abingworth Hall the emphasis is on quality & service. Our restaurant has won many awards during 1985 & 86. If you appreciate the finer things in life, then you could well be interested in a stay at Abingworth Hall. Ask for our general brochure & we will also tell you about:

TAKE A WEEK- a seasonal offer for less than you might imagine.

THE ALTERNATIVE WEEKEND- designed for those who cannot get away from Friday to Monday.

Telephone: 07983 3636 or write to Abingworth Hall, Thakeham Road, Storrington, West Sussex, RH20 3EF. Telex 877835.

HOTELS

The Morris manor

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Individually owned hotels are not necessarily better than those with a manager in charge, but they are often less predictable and more caring. Those in which two generations of owners are involved increase one's expectations of enjoyment. Such family hotels are common in many parts of the Continent, but are less frequently found in Britain: here, following in mother's or father's footsteps is perversely thought to be feeble.

An admirable witness to the virtues of a family hotel is Grafton Manor, just outside Bromsgrove in Worcestershire, where John and June Morris are fortunate to have all three of their children—an elder son and boy-and-girl twins—engaged in the enterprise.

Some turbulent episodes in English history have touched the Manor since its pre-Norman beginnings: Jack Cade's rebellion, the Wars of the Roses and the Gunpowder Plot to name but three. Certain lords of Grafton backed the losing side at critical moments and lost their lives or their estates. Others flourished, rose to more exalted rank and became kingmakers.

In 1987, however, the manor is in an altogether more democratic and halcyon phase. It is, alas, no longer the noble mansion it was in the 16th and 17th centuries: a fire virtually gutted the place in 1710, leaving only the entrance hall, one wing and a chapel. Most of the building in its present incarnation is early-18th-century; but the Morrisises have been worthy custodians of their stately home, maintaining in good order the lake and the 6 acre grounds, restoring the fish stew and private chapel.

They have also constructed a large formal herb garden in a chessboard pattern, contributing more than 100 herbs to the restaurant kitchen and also cultivating early 19th-century roses which provide delectable pot-pourris for the bedrooms.

The interior, too, has had its share of attention. The Great Parlour, part of the earlier building which survived the fire, merits its name, and the 18th-century restaurant is an elegant room in which to eat well. Dinner, at £18, is a four-course affair, with plenty of choice. Not especially cheap, but John Morris, who calls himself the chef proprietor, has a well-deserved reputation for the quality of his cooking and his enthusiasm for the best ingredients.

The night we dined, however, he was off duty and the twins were in charge. They admirably provided a delicious turnip and dill soup, a home-prepared gravad lax with a mild mustard sauce, and a stem-ginger icebox cake. Only the entrée, Worcester lamb with a béarnaise sauce, was a let-down.

The rooms have all the extras you would expect and a few more: complimentary sherry, a bowl of fruit, Malvern water in a cooler, a trouser-press as well as the pot-pourris. I particularly appreciated the gas-run coal fire, which can do much to make a room cheerful on a cold December night. The linen, the beds, the bedside lighting, the towels, the soap—everything is of a standard which you hope to find in any self-respecting country-house hotel. The only weaknesses, I felt, were in the design and furnishings. Accommodating *en suite* bathrooms is never an easy business in an old building,

but conversion to mod cons has impaired the proportion of some of the rooms. The décor was rather heavy for my taste—plenty of period furniture, but not the right period, and curtains, wallpaper and pictures on the sombre side.

Grafton Manor has a peaceful location down an isolated lane, but lies close beside the M5 motorway between exits 4 and 5, and is within easy striking distance of the Birmingham conurbation. Stratford, too, is less than 45 minutes by car. Moreover, with the opening of the new section of the M42, the house has a direct motorway link with the National Exhibition Centre at Birmingham—handy for executives who have a preference and budget for the better things in life. It is the only hotel of its character and class for many miles around. But the motorway is a mixed blessing: the section of the M5 nearest the hotel has recently been given a third lane, which has deprived the manor of an intervening bank and cover of trees. Rooms at the back have secondary glazing which keeps the M5 traffic out of earshot if not out of sight; but if you like to open your windows at night, make sure you face the other way. The Morrisises have been promised a new bank to restore the house to decent privacy. From their point of view, and that of their guests, too, it cannot come too soon.

Grafton Manor, Grafton Lane, Bromsgrove, Hereford and Worcester, B61 7HA (0527 31525). Bed and breakfast: single £49, double £67.50-£79.50, suite £106. Set lunch £12.75, set dinner £18. Prices include VAT, but not service.

Hilary Rubinstein is Editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.

THE NATIONAL
BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

Patron: Her Majesty The Queen
President: The Lady Home of The Hurl

1812-1987



of caring for the elderly

HELP US TO CONTINUE
WITH OUR WORK

We have been caring for elderly gentlefolk for 175 years and will continue to do so. Failing health and rising costs can make the retirement years very harrowing for those who have spent their lives caring for others. We soften their worries by helping with winter heating costs, nursing home and retirement home fees, convalescence, holidays, medical treatment, house repairs, furniture, TV, telephone, and in many other ways.

A Donation will help us to continue 'caring for those who have cared'. No Donation is too small and if you wish to know more about our work, please contact:
Air Commodore D. C. Saunders,
Secretary, The National Benevolent Institution, 61 Bayswater Road, London W2 3PG

NBI
R.G. CHARITY 212450

OVERLOOKING HISTORIC BLACKHEATH, THIS IS THE LARGEST AND BEST APPOINTED HOTEL IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON

- ★ 250 bedrooms—most with private bathrooms.
- ★ Centrally heated—all rooms with T.V., radio and telephone.
- ★ Spacious Restaurant/Grill Room overlooking walled gardens.
- ★ A-la-carte or table d'hôte menus.
- ★ Cocktail bar and main bar.
- ★ TV Lounges.
- ★ Free Car parking.
- ★ Uni-Sex Hairdressing Salon.
- ★ Weekend Bargain Breaks.
- ★ 6 Conference Suites with full facilities for hire.
- ★ Only 12 mins from Charing Cross by British Rail.



Montpelier Row, Blackheath
London, S.E.3.
Reservations:
Telephone: 01-318 4321
Telex: 896367



The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund repays the debt we owe



The Royal Air Force reached a peak strength of 1,200,000 in 1944 and more than 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ million men and women served during the war years.

Thousands did not come back. Many lie in the forgotten corners of earth and sea. Many thousands more were left disabled — mentally and physically.

Each year demands on the Fund are increasing as the survivors of World War II and their dependants grow older and increasingly vulnerable to infirmity and economic hardship. To carry on its work, the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund must raise over £8,000,000 annually.

We need your help. Every donation we receive means we have more to give. Please remember the Fund in your Will; advice on legacies, bequests and covenants is gladly given. If you know of anyone in need who might qualify for help from the Fund, please let us know.

Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund

67 Portland Place
London W1N 4AR

Telephone: 01-580 8343

Registered under the War Charities Act 1940 and the
Charities Act 1960

Registration No. 207327



NORFOLK CAPITAL HOTELS



Billesley Manor,
Nr. Stratford-upon-Avon

Are you looking for tradition and luxury of a bygone day?

Norfolk Capital Hotels can offer you an excellent selection of traditional hotels where the emphasis is on luxury and quality, attentive service and old fashioned courtesy. We are superbly located for the Royal Counties, historical Windsor and Eton, Stratford-upon-Avon, the Cotswolds, Cathedral Cities of Worcester and Canterbury and of course, much more!

Our hotels offer an excellent range of conference facilities, special mid-week, weekend and Easter packages.

For further information on any of our hotels, please contact Emma, Norfolk Capital Hotels Central Reservations, 8 Cromwell Place, LONDON SW7 2JN, or telephone 01-589-7000. Telex 23241.

DINNER

AT

Truffles



Dinner at Truffles is always a special occasion. The elegant decor immediately sets the scene.

The French cuisine is simply superb.

Our dinner menus (4 courses at £19.50 or 5 courses for £24) offer exceptional value, while dining à la carte is nothing short of magnificent.

Together with a delightful view over Portman Square and the quiet accompaniment of Nina Barry's grand piano, dinner at Truffles will be a night to remember.

For reservations phone 01 486 5844.

THE PORTMAN
INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTEL
22 Portman Square, London W1.

Half-way capital

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

I wrote about a hotel restaurant, that of the White House, last month. Even so, I thought it reasonable on several considerations to return to this sphere. The staff at such a place have to try harder in general because some of their customers at any given meal, being hotel guests, will not be fated to disappear for good at its end but will be coming back for another dose. The Capital hotel is strategically placed for Knightsbridge shoppers, a mere stone's throw from Harrods. And I had come across praise for its cuisine from several quarters, not least *The Good Food Guide*, whose 1986 edition nevertheless sounds a note of warning in its reference to "elegant touches such as a sea-urchin sauce for the scallop mousse". When I hear the word "elegant", I reach for my pocket-flask of HP Sauce.

There is a proper bar at the Capital, with a barman and a serious counter, not just a cocktail area. The interior suggested a classy train, comfortable but not too lavish with its space. Here we were served a rather over-sweet and under-strength Old-Fashioned and an excellent Dry Martini. Good nuts and other nibbles.

In the adjoining restaurant, which is on the small side like the bar, we agreed that the décor had shifted to that of a ship's dining-saloon, with funny curtains out of a miniature theatre, but again classy, and boasting some pretty wall-designs of pastel-coloured flowers in plaster urns. The tables are rather close together; I am fond enough of Sloane Rangers but could have done without a couple of them chirruping away at my elbow throughout lunch. With an outdoor temperature of perhaps 5°C, the air-conditioning seemed a little fierce.

The menu is all in French (except the prices). This strikes me as a tiresome and troublesome affectation in a place that is after all situated as deep inside England as you are going to get. And I mean the sort of French that calls for the Shorter Larousse, not just the familiar menu-French—entrecôte, courgette, crème brûlée—for which there is no satisfactory English equivalent. Those of us who, like myself, must ask for translations have to choose their dish on the spot from a more or less comprehensible spoken account—exactly what a printed menu is designed to avoid.

"Langoustine" at any rate is a French word I think I understand, though since the ones served here are said to come not from France but from Scotland, "crayfish", however taxonomically imprecise, might have more appropriate associations. Anyway, these tasted fresh and good, and were only a bit chewier than perhaps they need have been. I thought the four chunks of pigeon I got in my pigeon salad, while not untasty, were a lot chewier than they need have been. Pigeon is one of those notoriously difficult dishes whose difficulties seem never to be overcome. The accompanying salad had been designed not for eating but to look "exciting" in a colour-supplement photograph. The gravad lax was unexceptionable, but any difficulties there had, of course, been overcome long before the stuff could ever reach the restaurant.

The same kind of 50-50 scoring extended to the main courses. My poached salmon—at least I suppose it was poached—was delicious, and I scoffed the lot on a day when my appetite was less



JANE HUMAN

than wolfish. The *côte de boeuf* was pronounced excellent in every way. But the *queue de boeuf*, which I knowledgeably identified as oxtail—well, it was as French as its name in the menu, or at least not English. Oxtail as I have known it comes in a plentiful thick stock with onions, carrots and potatoes and is falling off the bone before you get your knife to it. Here the pieces stood on top of a brown sauce of some kind and had to have their meat teased off them. When that was done it tasted quite good, but if this is the French style of the dish then the English style, for once in our lives, is superior. Perhaps the chef could set himself to learn it. The grilled sole was far too buttery even after a great ball of the stuff had been removed from the top of it.

A couple of the dishes included pallid strips of vegetable shaped like tiny cigars. On inquiry—if you have to ask what you're eating, someone has failed—they were described as turned potatoes. Eh? Turned potatoes. Thank you. Whatever had been done to them, they were not as nice as ordinary new potatoes would have been. And are courgettes really as nice as English marrow, let alone nicer? On the other hand, the *mange-tout* as served were nice enough not to fear a

comparison with ordinary peas.

The wine-list is entirely French and very extensive, especially as regards clarets, nothing very cheap but plenty of choice at £25 and under. The red wine comes not in a basket but, quite as unnecessarily, in a kind of space-age version of one in rods of bright metal, with a little ring at the top to hold the cork for your inspection, should you work up sufficient interest. The Muscat d'Alsace we chose to go with our fish turned up inevitably in an ice-bucket which, not inevitably, was only half full. The first pouring was thus far from glacial. When I mentioned this I was told that it had come out of the neck of the bottle and that, it was implied, was that. I refrained from saying that when I wanted a lecture on physics I would ask for it, partly because the remark did not occur to me at the time. But surely that was a poor show. In all other respects the service was most pleasant, if rather slow for a half-empty restaurant. Fifty-fifty all round.

Capital Hotel Restaurant, 22-24 Basil Street, SW3 (589 5171). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.15pm, 6.30-10.30pm, Sun 12.30-1.45pm, 6.30-9.45pm. About £60 for two. Set menu per head (lunch) £17.50 (dinner) £25.

WELCOME NEWCOMERS

Le Café du Marché

22 Charterhouse Sq, EC1.

A winner all the way: French bourgeois cuisine, pleasantly served in comfortable, spacious surroundings near Smithfield. Décor is unfussy with walls of bare brick, a beamed ceiling, cane armchairs, white linen and a pot plant on each table. French period cartoons add a splash of humour and romance.

The fresh baguette in the bread

basket heralds the straightforward approach to the food. There is a daily changing three-course set menu at £9 and, from the short à la carte, a choice of three courses for £15. *Vin ordinaire* is £5.75, with a *vin supérieur* at £8.75 and a limited further list. Fish soup and a boudin blanc hinted at the chef's ability; the poached halibut in a light lemon and cream sauce, served with an accompanying bowl of the day's vegetables, confirmed it.

Mon-Sat 11.30am-2.30pm (exc Sat), 6.30-10pm.

Laline

69-70 Dean St, W1 (734 4273).

Lavishly decorated in reproduction Art Nouveau with stained-glass ceiling, canvas murals and rows of curled zinc lamp stands. The brasserie menu is complemented by cold seafood including a *plateau royal* with langoustine, crab, oysters, whelks, clams, shrimps and cockles served on a stand at £11 a head. Wine from £6.90 with a Chablis *premier cru* at £17.

Mon-Sat noon-3pm (exc Sat), 7pm-12.15am. ALEX FINER

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Well worth seeing

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

The Amen Corner

James Baldwin's drama, set among Harlem hot-gospellers, with an all-black cast headed by Carmen Munroe & Al Matthews. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

★★ Breaking the Code

Alan Turing, a mathematical genius honoured during the last war for his part in breaking the enemy code Enigma, was a homosexual at a time when this was a criminal offence. Hugh Whitmore's play & Derek Jacobi's acting evoke remarkably the personality of a complex, uncompromising figure. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

★ Brighton Beach Memoirs

In Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical play Susan Engel & Dorothy Tutin are, persuasively, the Jewish sisters whose ultimate quarrel helps to sort out the family complications; Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh are still the gentle head of the household & his 15-year-old son, who acts as commentator. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

★ Chess

Tim Rice & composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus have put together a spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. Siobhan McCarthy replaces Miss Paige for Thurs matinée & Mon performances. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951, cc 836 3464).

★ Coming In To Land

Stephen Poliakoff's play about a Polish woman determined to beat English immigration officials depends upon its narrative quality & the performances of Maggie Smith as the woman & Tim Pigott-Smith as a subtle antagonist. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Country Dancing

Gerard Murphy & Richard Easton head the cast in Nigel Williams's celebration of English traditional culture. Richard Easton plays English folk-dance collector Cecil Sharp. Opens Mar 30. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).



Sinead Cusack and Jonathan Pryce in the RSC's production of *Macbeth*, opening at the Barbican on April 1.

Henry IV Pts 1 & 2, Henry V

Michael Bogdanov directs the English Shakespeare Company, with Michael Pennington as Prince Hal & Henry V, & John Woodvine as Falstaff. The complete trilogy is performed on Saturdays. Until May 2. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

★ High Society

Richard Eyre's new stage musical derives from Philip Barry's American comedy *The Philadelphia Story*, which became a film with Cole Porter numbers & retitled *High Society*. For his production Eyre has borrowed several other numbers to make a Porter mosaic. Though it goes on too long, it is exceedingly professional & has the benefit of an unerring performance by Natasha Richardson. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

★ The House of Bernarda Alba

Uncompromising melodrama of sexual repression in a Spanish village household, directed by Nuria Espert. Glenda Jackson, as

the family tyrant, & particularly Joan Plowright, as her housekeeper, are firmly in the spirit of Lorca's text. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc 379 6433).

★★ King Lear

Anthony Hopkins is a powerful Lear in David Hare's production, with Michael Bryant as Gloucester & Anna Massey as Goneril. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED FEB, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE FEB, 1987.

★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a subtly sustained play. Jonathan Hyde & Eleanor David now play the two late-18th-century aristocrats engaged evilly in the art of seduction. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 836 1171).

★★ The Magistrate

Nothing goes awry in Michael Rudman's production of Pinero's 19th-century farce. Nigel Hawthorne is extremely funny as Aeneas Posket & Gemma Craven is perfect as his

wife. Lyttelton. REVIEWED NOV, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

March of the Falsettos

Musical by William Finn about a disintegrating marriage. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (434 0909, cc 379 6433).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, now in its 35th year. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

The Nunsense

American musical comedy about a group of nuns trying to raise money to bury two of their number who have died of botulism & whose bodies are hidden in a deep freeze. With Honor Blackman. Opens Mar 23. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

★The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical depends largely upon its run of theatrical effects in a production by Harold Prince. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (839 2244, cc).

Six Characters in Search of an Author

Richard Pasco, Barbara Jefford & Leslie Sands in a revival by Michael Rudman of Pirandello's 1921 play set in a Rome theatre. Olivier.

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written this, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

★Three Men on a Horse

This American farce of the 1950s, by George Abbot & John Cecil Holm, remains a redoubtable invention. Erwin, who writes greetings-card verses, also has the gift of picking racing winners. When he meets a trio of gamblers this hobby looks like becoming a livelihood. Geoffrey Hutchings is, hilariously, the innocent; & under Jonathan Lynn's direction the farce moves smoothly. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

★Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn's swift direction sustains the spirit of this first of the "Aldwych" farces. Michael Gambon is the outrageous butler, Sprules. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1986.

★A View From the Bridge

Though one would not have expected Alan Ayckbourn to direct Arthur Miller's near-classic, he has done it uncommonly well. He is especially fortunate in Michael Gambon as the Brooklyn longshoreman whose jealousy destroys his family life & himself. Cottesloe.

★★Woman in Mind

In quality of invention & technical expertise Alan Ayckbourn's play transcends any in the West End. It has the advantages of Ayckbourn's own direction & a rare cast, led by Julia McKenzie & Martin Jarvis. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED OCT, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE, OCT 1986.

Yerma

Juliet Stevenson plays the title role in Lorca's 1934 rural tragedy, directed by Di Trevis. Opens Mar 26. Cottesloe.

FIRST NIGHTS

Antony & Cleopatra

Peter Hall directs the National's first production of Shakespeare's play, with Anthony Hopkins & Judi Dench in the title roles. Opens Apr 9. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

A Piece of My Mind

George Cole & Anna Carteret in a new comedy by Peter Nichols which spans 20 years in the life of a writer & his family. Directed by Justin Greene. Opens Apr 1. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Every Man in His Humour

Ben Jonson's seldom-revived comedy, directed by John Caird, with Pete Postlethwaite & Henry Goodman, on the RSC's newest London stage. Opens Apr 13. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

Julius Caesar

Roger Allam plays Brutus in Terry Hands's new production. Opens Apr 8. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick (0789 295623, cc).

Macbeth

In Adrian Noble's revival, transferred from

TOP CHOICE

THEATRE

The Fair Maid of the West

Thomas Heywood's swaggering Jacobean entertainment, in a spirited production by Trevor Nunn, marks the RSC's arrival on the new Mermaid stage. Imelda Staunton is the Plymouth barmaid who becomes a pirate captain on the Barbary Coast, with results that are melodramatic, farcical & romantic. Opens Apr 2. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc). J. C. Trewin reviews next month.

Stratford, Jonathan Pryce is in the title role with Sinead Cusack as a striking Lady Macbeth. Opens Apr 1. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

Brecht's gangster spectacle, with Griff Rhys Jones & Brian Glover, directed by David Gilmore. Opens Apr 6. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc 741 9999).

Romeo & Juliet

Michael Bogdanov's revival is set in 1986 Verona, with Sean Benn & Niamh Cusack as the young lovers. Opens Apr 14. Barbican.

Sarcophagus

British premiere of a play by *Pravda's* science editor, Vladimir Gubaryov, about the nuclear disaster at Chernobyl. Opens Apr 16. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Spin of the Wheel

New musical, by Geoff Morrow & Timothy Prager, based on a television game show. Opens Apr 7. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 240 7200).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

★Blue Velvet (18)

David Lynch's strong film about the dark side of middle America is like an underground movie that has gone mainstream. A studious young man (Kyle MacLachlan) attempts to solve a local mystery & becomes involved in a sado-masochistic triangle with a singer (Isabella Rossellini) & her drug-dealing slave-master (Dennis Hopper). Lynch's dazzling technique elevates the squalid story into a cultist's dream. Opens Apr 10. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc); Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc); Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (727 4043); Chelsea Cinema, 206 King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc).

★Children of a Lesser God (15)

William Hurt is a gifted, prickly, unorthodox teacher of the deaf who falls in love with a mute, played by Marlee Matlin. She is genuinely deaf & has a hauntingly beautiful face. She & Hurt spark off each other in a manner that gives distinction to an otherwise conventional adaptation of Mark Medoff's play. Randa Haines directs.

★★The Color of Money (15)

Returning to the role of Fast Eddie Felson from the 1961 film *The Hustler*, Paul Newman gives a thoughtful study which

makes Martin Scorsese's sequel stand on its own considerable merits. Newman, as a liquor salesman, takes a young pool player (Tom Cruise) as his protégé & prepares him for a championship. REVIEWED MAR, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE MAR, 1987.

★Duet for One (15)

In Andrei Konchalovsky's film Julie Andrews, effectively embracing a dramatic role, plays a celebrated concert violinist stricken by multiple sclerosis. Alan Bates is her conductor/composer husband.

★84 Charing Cross Road (U)

David Jones's film version of Helen Hanff's story is a gentle near-romance in which a New York woman bibliophile enters into a lively correspondence with a London bookseller whom she never meets. Anne Bancroft & Anthony Hopkins are superb in their roles, as is the supporting cast which includes Maurice Denham & Judi Dench, & the post-war contrast between an ebullient America & austerity Britain rings with authenticity.

Fatherland (15)

In Ken Loach's Anglo-German film, scripted by Trevor Griffiths, Gerulf Pannach plays an East German singer of politically unacceptable songs who leaves for the West to find his father. Opens Mar 27. ICA, The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

★★The Fly (18)

This highly-accomplished remake of Charles E. Pogue's 1958 fantasy about a scientist whose experiment mixes up his own molecules with those of a housefly establishes its director, David Cronenberg, in the mainstream of cinema. Strong stomachs essential. REVIEWED FEB, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE FEB, 1987.

Half Moon Street (18)

Michael Caine is a high-ranking government intermediary who becomes involved with an up-market escort girl, an American PhD, played by Sigourney Weaver. Bob Swaim directs from a Paul Theroux story, but as a thriller it lacks fizz. Opens Apr 10. Cannons, Panton St, SW1 (930 0631), Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, cc).

Haunted Honeymoon (PG)

Gene Wilder's homage to the spooky comedies of Bob Hope falls sadly flat. As well as co-writing & directing, he plays a radio star obliged to spend a weekend in a haunted mansion, with Gilda Radner as his frantic fiancée & Dom DeLuise doing an impersonation of Ethel Barrymore. It should be much funnier, but script & direction are muddled. Opens Apr 3. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

Little Shop of Horrors (PG)

A flower shop, run by Vincent Gardenia, is sliding into oblivion until his klutzy assistant, played by Rick Moranis, finds a strange fly-trap plant which draws the crowds. It soon becomes a monster man-eater, starting with Steve Martin, who is a sadistic, leather-clad dentist. This entertaining film version of the stage musical is directed by Frank Oz. Opens

Mar 27. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534).

★Personal Services (18)

Julie Walters is in superb form as a suburban "madam" who gives parties for middle-aged men seeking excitement in life. Terry Jones's film, with a screenplay by David Leland, is discreetly bawdy with an excellent supporting cast, led by Alec McCowen as a fun-loving old wing-commander, Shirley Stelfox, Danny Schiller, & Tim Woodward. Opens Apr 3. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (200 0200, cc 240 7200); Cannons, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990), Oxford St, W1 (636 0310), Shaftesbury Ave.

★★She's Gotta Have It

The life spark zips through this low-budget comedy with an all-black cast, filmed in Brooklyn by Spike Lee. He also plays one of the lovers of the beautiful Nola (Tracy Camilla Johns). Loosely structured but great fun.

★★Stand By Me (15)

Rob Reiner has turned a subtle novella by Stephen King, about the fragile relationships of childhood, into an evocative & satisfying film. Fine performances from Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix & the other boys. REVIEWED MAR, 1987.

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

London Symphony Orchestra. Cécile Ousset is the soloist in Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 3, which is followed by Brahms's Symphony No 1, under Neeme Järvi. Apr 2, 7.45pm.

Budapest Symphony Orchestra. György Lehel conducts Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 2, with Jenő Jando as soloist, & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 6 (Pathétique), on the orchestra's first appearance in London. Apr 7, 7.45pm.

Academy of Ancient Music & Choir. Ivan Fischer conducts Mozart's Vesperae Solennes de Confessore & excerpts from *Idomeneo*, with Jill Gomez, Charles Brett, Mark Tucker & Ulrich Cold. Apr 8, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Hideko Udagawa is the soloist in Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, under Charles Mackerras, who also conducts Smetana's *Vltava* & Dvořák's Symphony No 9 (From the New World). Apr 12, 7.30pm.

English Baroque Choir & Orchestra. Leon Lovett conducts Bach's St Matthew Passion, sung in German. Apr 17, 5pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. First two concerts of a series devoted to great Russian masterpieces. Gerard Schwarz conducts music by Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, Borodin, Apr 19; Jerzy Maksymiuk conducts Mussorgsky, Rachmaninov, Tchaikovsky, Apr 26; 7.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

King of Instruments Organ Recitals: Ralph Downes, designer of the Festival Hall organ, marks his retirement with a ➤➤➤

TOP CHOICE

CINEMA

Platoon (18)

Oliver Stone's skilfully-orchestrated film, based on his experience of the Vietnam war, stars William Dafoe & Tom Berenger. Opens Apr 24. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929). REVIEW ON P66

MUSIC continued

farewell recital devoted to the works of Vierne, Apr 1; Ben Van Oosten of The Hague plays Bach, Franck, Vierne, Apr 8; Susan Landale of Paris plays Langlais, Vierne, Messiaen, Apr 15; 5.55pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers. Bernard Rands conducts the first performance of his Requiescant; David Atherton conducts Shostakovich's Symphony No 7 (Leningrad). Apr 2, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. James Galway is the soloist in Mozart's Flute Concerto in G, which is followed by Bruckner's Symphony No 7, both under Kurt Sanderling. Apr 8, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Two concerts under Esa-Pekka Salonen. Aage Haugland, bass, is the soloist in Mussorgsky's Songs & Dances of Death, which is followed by Beethoven's Symphony No 6 (Pastoral). Apr 9, 7.30pm. Cho-Liang Lin is the soloist in Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, which is followed by Sibelius's Symphony No 1. Apr 13, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir. Jesús López-Cobos conducts Mahler's Kindertotenlieder & Schubert's Mass in E flat. Apr 12, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Two programmes under Paavo Berglund. Horacio Gutierrez is the soloist in Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 3, which is followed by Beethoven's Symphony No 4. Apr 14, 7.30pm. Boris Belkin is the soloist in Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, which is followed by Sibelius's Symphony No 5. Apr 16, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Alfred Brendel is the soloist in Schoenberg's Piano Concerto, under Dennis Russell Davies, who also conducts works by Reger & Ravel. Apr 15, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts two programmes. Reger, Respighi, & Rachmaninov's Paganini Rhapsody, with Olli Mustonen as soloist. Apr 21, 7.30pm. Martucci, Respighi, & Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 2, with Dmitri Alexeev as soloist. Apr 28, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Society. Charles Mackerras conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in the first performance of Geoffrey Burgon's Title Divine, for soprano & orchestra, to poems by Emily Dickinson, with Heather Harper as soloist. Also Haydn's Symphony No 103 & Stravinsky's Petrushka. Apr 22, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Lunch at the Red Hedgehog. Allegri String Quartet, Dartington Ensemble & others in a series of lunchtime recitals featuring the chamber music of Brahms; the title is that of

the Viennese restaurant where the composer lunched regularly. Apr 7, 14, 21, 28, 1.10pm.

The Dawn of Romanticism: c 1800-50. Three concerts by the English Chamber Orchestra in which major symphonies are performed alongside others works of the period. Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Apr 7; Hérold, Hummel, Schubert, Schumann, Apr 14; Méhul, Weber, Berlioz, Schubert, Apr 24; 7.45pm.

Annie Fischer, piano. Mozart, Schumann, Schubert. Apr 23, 7.45pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Kenneth Sillito directs three Concerti by Vivaldi & works by Handel & Shostakovich. Apr 30, 7.45pm.

ST JOHN'S
Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061, cc).

BBC Lunchtime Concerts: Melos Quartet of Stuttgart play Cherubini & Janáček, Apr 6; Vladimir Mikulka, guitar, & BBC Singers, Debussy, Falla, Brouwer, Ginastera, Villa Lobos, Apr 10; Håkan Hagegård, baritone, Thomas Schubach, piano, Schubert's Schwanesong, Apr 27; 1pm.

Singers of London, Fretwork. Barry Rose conducts music for Passiontide, including Allegri & Schütz. Apr 11, 7.30pm.

Orchestra & Choir of St John's. John Lubbock conducts Mozart's Requiem. Apr 14, 7.30pm.

New London Chamber Choir. James Wood conducts a musical ceremony for Holy Week by Gesualdo & Harvey. Apr 15, 7.30pm.

Hilliard Ensemble. Music for Maundy Thursday by Ockegham, Taverner, Tallis, directed by Paul Hillier. Apr 16, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli Consort & Players. Paul McCreesh directs Bach's St John Passion, sung in German. Apr 19, 7.30pm.

WIGMORE HALL
36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano, **Irwin Gage,** piano. Lieder by Schubert & Wolf. Apr 3, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli Quartet. Mozart, Schubert, Tchaikovsky. Apr 4, 7.30pm.

Melos Quartet of Stuttgart. Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert. Apr 8, 7.30pm.

Combattimento. David Roblou directs Pergolesi's Stabat Mater & Handel's Dixit Dominus. Apr 21, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac. Songs from the New World ranging from little-known, turn-of-the-century composers to Bernstein. Apr 24, 7.30pm.

Britten String Quartet. A new ensemble of young British musicians play quartets by Mozart, Britten & Verdi. Apr 27, 7.30pm.

OPERA

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Box office: Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

Atalanta. A modern, anecdotal version of the Greek myth, in three episodes performed on different evenings, by the American composer Robert Ashley; given in the original New York production. Bloomsbury Theatre. Apr 8, 10, 11.

Curlew River & The Prodigal Son. Staged by the French company Volte Face with English singers. Lyndhurst Church, Rosslyn Hill, NW3. Apr 3, 5, 7, 9.

Happy End. Music by Weill, text by Brecht, produced by Mike Ashman for St Donats Music Theatre. The Place, Duke's Rd, WC1. Apr 7-11.

TOP CHOICE

OPERA

Otello

The Russian tenor Vladimir Atlantov will be put to the test in the title role when Elijah Moshinsky's handsome production returns. Rosalind Plowright/Julia Varady sing Desdemona; Sherrill Milnes is Iago. Apr 14, 20, 24, 28. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). REVIEWED MAR. 1987.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

★ **The Mikado.** Last performances this season of Jonathan Miller's unorthodox, hit production, with Eric Idle as an original Ko-Ko. Apr 1, 8.

Simon Boccanegra. New production by David Alden, designed by David Fielding, with a strong cast headed by Jonathan Summers. Apr 2, 4, 7, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 29.

Tosca. Final performances of Jonathan Miller's production, set in Rome under the control of the Fascists, with Phyllis Cannan as Tosca, Eduardo Alvarés as Cavaradossi, Rodney Macann as Scarpia. Apr 3, 9. REVIEWED MAR. 1987.

★ **Don Giovanni.** Return of Jonathan Miller's darkly effective production, with William Shimmell again singing the title role, Rita Cullis as Donna Anna, Jane Eaglen as Donna Elvira, Richard Van Allan as Leporello; Roger Norrington conducts. Apr 11, 15, 18, 24, 30. REVIEWED JAN. 1986.

The Stone Guest. British stage première of Dargomyzhsky's opera based on Pushkin's version of the Don Giovanni story. It will be performed in settings based on Philip Prowse's designs for Mozart's opera, with Graham Clark as the tenor hero. Apr 23, 28.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

Theatre Royal, Brighton (0273 28488, cc). Apr 6-11.

Derigate, Northampton (0604 24811, cc). Apr 13-18.

Palace, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). Apr 20-25.

Marlowe, Canterbury (0227 672 46, cc). Apr 27-May 2.

Ruddigore. Attractive, spritely new production, marking the work's 100th anniversary. REVIEW ON P67.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

The King Goes Forth to France. British première of an opera by the Finnish composer Aulis Sallinen which takes a new view of English history. Conducted by Okko Kamu, produced by Nicholas Hytner, cast includes Mikael Melbye, Stafford Dean, Valerie Master-son, Eilene Hannan, Sarah Walker. Apr 1, 3, 6, 9, 11, 13. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

BALLET

★ BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Israel's exhilarating dancers with four contemporary works. Mar 31-Apr 5.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

★ **Triple bill:** London première of *Noc-turne*, choreography Kevin Haigen, music Dvořák; Roland Petit's *Carmen*, with Bizet's music; Alvin Ailey's jazz ballet *Night Creature* with Duke Ellington score. Apr 21-23.

★ **Triple bill:** première of Christopher Bruce's *The Dream is Over*, music John Lennon, evoking the spirit of the times of Lennon; London première of *new work* by Ulysses Dove; Michael Clark's *Drop Your Pearls & Hog It, Girl*, a satirical work by the iconoclast of ballet. Apr 24, 25.



Anais by Brockhurst, at the National Portrait Gallery.

TOP CHOICE

MUSIC

The Bach Choir, with the English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by David Willcocks, celebrate Easter with Bach's St Matthew Passion, sung in English, on Apr 5 & 12, 11am, and the St John Passion, sung in German, on Apr 1, 7.30pm. Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

TOP CHOICE

BALLET

The Sleeping Beauty

Merrill Ashley of New York City Ballet guests as Aurora, with Roland Price as her Florimund. Ashley is a distinguished Balanchine dancer & the choreographer created several roles on her, as well as casting her in his productions of the classics. Apr 15, 18, 25 m. Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

PHILOROLLUS

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

The renowned company which explores shapes via acrobatics & moving sculpture via dance brings two programmes. Apr 28-May 9.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Swan Lake. Last performances of Dowell's production of the Petipa/Ivanov classic before the company departs for its tour of Korea & Japan. Apr 2, 4 m & e, 7, 8, 10.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

★★ **The Sleeping Beauty**, Peter Wright's production of the ever popular classic, in Philip Prowse's fine designs. Apr 15, 16, 18 m & e, 21, 25 m & e, 29, 30, May 1. SEE TOP CHOICE.

Triple bill: *Solitaire*, an early & charming MacMillan exploration of the outsider theme, with attractive score by Malcolm Arnold; *Checkmate*, de Valois's vision, now 50 years old, of the battle between Love & Death, seen as a chess game & danced to Bliss; *Paquita*, a classical *bonne bouche* with Petipa's choreography & Minkus's music. Merrill Ashley dances on Apr 22. Apr 22, 23, 27.

GALLERIES

Readers are advised to check Easter closing dates with the galleries.

CONTEMPORARY APPLIED ARTS

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993).

Carved Wood. A show on the borderline between art & craft which includes the work of a number of well-known carvers: miniature animals by Sue Wraight, bold toy-like sculptures by Bryan Illsley & birds based on the decoy tradition by Guy Taplin. This gallery was formerly called the British Crafts Centre. Apr 10-May 9. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-5pm.

HARARI & JOHNS

12 Duke St, St James's, SW1 (839 3024).

The School of Bologna, 1570-1730. The first major exhibition in London since 1973 to focus on the Bolognese School. It includes a number of major discoveries, among them no fewer than six unpublished works by Annibale Carracci. There is also a fine new painting by Annibale's cousin Lodovico Carracci & a recently discovered Guido Reni. Apr 7-May 15. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

RAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Tony Cragg. Perhaps best known for his

sculptures made from stacks of urban detritus. Until June 7.

Le Corbusier: Architect of the Century. Still a highly controversial figure, Le Corbusier is both damned for many of the things people most dislike about modern architecture & praised as one of our century's most innovative spirits. This exhibition covers the full range of his activity. Until June 7.

Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

SALLY HUNTER FINE ART

2 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0934).

London's Secret Gardens. Paintings by two artists, Christopher Clairmonte & Roy Spencer, in a show timed to coincide with the Chelsea Flower Show, May 19-22. Apr 29-May 22. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

KARSTEN SCHUBERT

85 Charlotte St, W1 (602 6594).

Alison Wilding. One of the most talked about younger British sculptors provides the opening exhibition at this new space in Charlotte Street. Apr 22-May 16. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Place, WC2 (930 1552).

A Dream of Fair Women: Gerald Leslie Brockhurst (1890-1978). Yet another of the skilful realists of the interwar period is being revived—on this occasion it is Brockhurst. Apr 10-May 31. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

PORTOBELLO ROAD FESTIVAL

Contemporary Art. Long famous for its street market, Portobello Road has become the focus for a bunch of up-&-coming galleries with premises on or near it. Special shows will be mounted for the festival, Apr 22-26, & will continue through May. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

Anatol Orient, 318 Portobello Rd, W10 (969 4119). New sculpture by Marilyn Tabatznik.

Anderson O'Day, 225 Portobello Rd, W11 (969 8085). Oils, crayons & mixed media works by Suzanne O'Driscoll.

Crucials, 204 Kensington Park Rd, W11 (229 1940). Symbolist paintings by Kevin Broder.

Creaser, 320 Portobello Rd, W10 (960 4928). Group exhibition on the theme of "the head".

Vanessa Devereux Gallery, 11 Blenheim Crescent, W11 (221 6836). In the Heart of the Beast: political paintings by South African William Kentridge.

Gallery 24, 24 Powis Terrace, W11 (221 8289). Fauvist paintings by David Macilwaine.

Portfolio, 105 Golborne Rd, W10 (960 7701). Rocking through the 80s: Jive Revival, photographs by Jill Furmanovsky.

The Special Photographers' Gallery, 21 Kensington Park Rd, W11 (221 3489). 100 best photographs.

Themes & Variations, 231 Westbourne Grove, W11 (727 5531). Theme show featuring Danny Lane, Tom Dixon, André Dubreuil & Danny Reynolds.

QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 3007).

Crown & Camera: Photographs From the Royal Photographic Archive 1842-1910. Until end 1987. Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.10, concessions 50p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Byzantium to El Greco. This exhibition, though it contains only 70 items, ➡

OF COURSE YOU COULD GO SOMEWHERE ORDINARY

but... Heads of State don't stay in ordinary hotels, nor do Tycoons or Celebrities. Ordinary hotels don't inspire songs and books, plays and films.

If you want the right address in London, reserve now. Like London itself, The Savoy is always in season—there's nowhere quite like it.



LONDON

For further details, contact The Savoy,
The Strand, London WC2R 0EU. Telephone: (01) 836 4343, Telex: 24234
A member of 'The Leading Hotels of the World'

Two years ago
you wouldn't
have believed
that Tony Bagley
could ever look
after himself.

To see Tony now, walking unaided, chatting away, enjoying painting, would seem miraculous to anyone who knew him when he first came to the RHHI in 1984. Then he couldn't walk, had speech difficulties, was unable to wash or dress himself. He and his nurses and therapists have worked so hard he now needs minimal nursing care.

We have 330 patients like Tony. Please help such courage and such dedication. We are a registered charity (No. 205907) and rely on donations, legacies and covenants. Our Director of Appeals is Captain A. D. Hutton, OBE, RN (Ret'd), The Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Dept. ILB, West Hill, Putney, London SW15 3SW.

The Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables

PATRONS: HM THE QUEEN AND HM THE QUEEN MOTHER.



GALLERIES continued

promises to be a revelation. It ranges from a superb Christ Pantocrator of the 14th century to an early El Greco—a signed work, only recently discovered, painted before his departure for Venice. Mar 27-June 21. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25.

SPINK & SON

5-7 King St, St James's, SW1 (930 7888).

The Minor Arts of China. A sumptuous show containing a number of Chinese Imperial objects. There are particularly elaborate pieces in lacquer & cloisonné enamels. Mar 31-Apr 16. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

British & American Pop Art. Work by Peter Blake, Patrick Caulfield, Richard Hamilton, Andy Warhol & others. Until June.

Clore Gallery for the Turner Collection.

Official opening by the Queen Apr 1, open to the public from Apr 6. **FEATURED ON P18.**

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2.50, concessions £1.

MUSEUMS

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

An A-Z of the Prints & Drawings Collection. From the 14th century to the present day, ranging from Old Master drawings & watercolours to fans, forgeries & playing cards. The show brings to light unusual items from the depths of this great two-million-piece collection. Until May 25.

Central Asia: Cultural Crossroads. Religious, literary & historical documents on paper, wood & silk from China, Mongolia & Tibet. Until June 7.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 17.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368).

Alan Caiger-Smith & the Aldermaston Pottery. Caiger-Smith occupies a special place in the British crafts scene—his tin-glazed earthenware is unlike work of other potters & his skill in using lustre pigments is unique. Until May 3. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Apr 17.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

The Best Years of Their Lives: National Service 1945-63. Last month of this well-received, amusing exhibition, with a large collection of memorabilia from celebrities. Until May 3.

Which Side of the Fence? Contemporary

TOP CHOICE

GALLERIES

Naum Gabo (1890-1977). More than 100 works from the constructivist sculptor's estate. Gabo experimented with light & space by using "new" materials like transparent plastic. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Ends Apr 20. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2.50, concessions £1.

art show taking its title from Terry Setch's painting about Greenham Common. Most works relate to specific events & wars, such as Stephen McKenna's *City of Derry* & paintings of the Falklands War by John Keane & Bruce McLean. Until Apr 20.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Apr 17. Suggested contribution £1, children 50p.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224).

Bolivian Worlds. The most colourful exhibition in London, on view for at least a year. **SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.**

Madagascar: Island of Ancestors. The British Museum has put together its extensive collections of domestic & ritualistic goods from Madagascar. The Malagasy have rich cultural origins & the exhibition illustrates the central role of ancestor-worship. Until end 1987.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 17.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422).

Australia 200: Episodes in the Growth of a Nation. Using charts, atlases, prints & engravings the exhibition traces the development of Australia from the first voyage of convicts in 1787. Ancestor hunters will be fascinated by a complete list of the convicts. Apr 13-end 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Apr 17. £1.20, concessions 60p. **SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.**

THEATRE MUSEUM

Russell St, WC2 (836 7891).

The Victoria & Albert Museum's vast collection of theatrical left-overs goes on permanent display in Covent Garden: everything from programmes & prompt books to memorabilia from music halls, the circus & pop. The first special exhibitions are: in the Gielgud Gallery, The King's Pleasures—recently discovered designs for the court ballet of Louis XIII; & in the Irving Gallery, The Theatre Museum Unpacks—treasures from the costume collection. Opens Apr 23. Tues-Sun 11am-7pm; café & wine bar Tues-Sat 11am-8pm, Sun 11am-7pm. £2.25, concessions £1.25. **SEE NOTEBOOK P15.**

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Towards a Bigger Picture: Contemporary British Photographs in the Museum's enlarged photographic gallery. Includes a selection from Chris Killip's documentary, *Seacoal*, Graham Smith's enlargements from Box Brownie negatives, colour pictures by Martin Parr & Paul Graham, landscapes by Elizabeth Williams, Roger Palmer & Hamish Fulton, & work by contemporary British women photographers. Until July 12. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed Apr 17. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

LECTURES

ALTON GALLERY

72 Church Rd, SW13 (748 0606).

Meet the Presidents. Sir Hugh Casson & Roger de Grey talk about the role of the Royal Academy over the years. Apr 7, 7pm, at St Mary's Parish Church, Barnes, SW13. £6, includes food & drink: advance booking via the gallery. Proceeds to charity.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

Yerma. Nigel Glendinning, professor of Spanish, talks about Federico Garcia Lorca's tragedy of a barren woman, currently in the repertory. Cottesloe, Apr 6, 6pm. £2.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

April lectures: *The quality of political journalism* by Peter Hennessy, political journalist, Apr 1; *The emerging global agricultural scenario* by Dr Swaminathan, director general of the International Rice Research Institute, Apr 6; *Aspects of architecture & the built environment* by Robert Venturi, architect, Apr 8; *The European community's development policy—the environmental dimension* by Dieter Frisch, director general for development of the Commission for the European Communities, Apr 13. All at 6pm. Tickets free from Carole Singleton.

SOUTH BANK CENTRE

SE1 (928 3002).

Le Corbusier: Nature & Tradition by the architectural historian William Curtis. Purcell Room. Apr 28, 6pm. £1, concessions 50p.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

A Survey of English Furniture. Weekend course with a day visit to Aston Hall, Birmingham, a Jacobean house containing a rich collection of furniture from the 16th to 19th centuries. Apr 30-May 3. Details from Angela Thurgood, Education Department.

SALEROOMS

Prices quoted are saleroom estimates.

NONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Prize Sports. Pictures, ceramics & silver, relating to cricket, golf, fishing, wrestling, dog- & cock-fighting, & bear-baiting. *The Man Who Lit up at the Snooker Table* by H. M. Bateman should fetch over £500. *Tiny the Wonder*, a 1948 lithograph by A. Butler, catches in action the brilliant rat-catching dog that weighed only 5½lb. Tiny killed a record 200 rats in 54 minutes & 50 seconds (£150-£250). Apr 30, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Sculpture. Highlight is a Byzantine cross used for religious processions & dating from the 11th century. With a base of iron, it is decorated in silver gilt & niello with iconographical scenes on one side. Apr 9, 2.30pm.

English Pictures. There are three outstanding works here: Van Dyck's *Portrait of Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich* (£200,000-£300,000), George Romney's *Portrait of Mrs Henry Maxwell* (£350,000-£400,000), & Richard Parkes Bonington's *Three Palaces on the Grand Canal* (£150,000). Apr 24, 11am.

Musical Instruments. Includes a Stradivarius dating from 1716 & known as the Colossus (£250,000), from the estate of the late American composer Dr Simon Carfagno. Apr 29, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

MCC Bicentenary Auction. 800 lots of 1,000 items related to cricket: bats, caps, blazers, books, porcelain & prints. Apr 13, 10am, at Lord's Cricket Ground, NW8.

Photographic Sale. 19th- & 20th-century pictures with several lots from America. Views of the Yosemite Valley in the 1860s by Carlton E. Watkins are preserved in a lavish album, & there is a good album of Crimean photographs by Roger Fenton. Apr 30, 2pm.

ONSLOW'S

14-16 Carroun Rd, SW8 (793 0240).

Titanic Auction. Seventy-five years after the disaster the prize item in this sale is a 35ft longitudinal plan, used in the English inquiry in 1912 (£20,000). There are other lots of postcards & letters sent from the ship, & a photograph of the lethal iceberg. Catalogue £5.50, overseas £10. Apr 15, 6pm, at Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, W1.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Decorative & Modern Prints. Many good works in this sale, among them a set of four hand-coloured aquatints of Leicestershire hunting, 1827, by T. Fielding (£1,000-£1,500), 16 lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec of the famous night-club performer Yvette Guilbert, 1894 (£6,000-£8,000), plus 1937 aquatints by Picasso. Apr 6, 2pm.

Textiles. Lace, linen & embroidery, including more than 130 English & French shawls. Prices start at £50. Apr 9, 11am.

Watercolours & Drawings. Works by Turner, William Simpson, Edward Lear, the Australian artist Samuel Gill & others. Apr 13, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

European Works of Art, Sculpture & Metalwork. A painted lead dog, thought to be Hogarth's Trump & by John Cheere, should realize £50,000-£80,000. Apr 7, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

Botanical Books. Exceptional collection of colour-plate books spanning 300 years of botanical art from 1600. Includes De Bry's *Florilegium*, 1641, Redouté's *Les Roses*, & Thornton's *Temple of Flora* 1799-1807. Apr 27 & 28, 7.30pm both days. The books will be displayed in the Aeolian Hall, opposite Sotheby's main entrance, Apr 6-27, 10am-4pm.

SOTHEBY'S GENEVA

Jewels of the Duchess of Windsor. More than 250 lots of jewelry will be sold on Apr 2 at the Hôtel Beau Rivage. On Apr 3 presentation swords, cufflinks, tie-pins & cigarette boxes which belonged to the Duke will also be sold. **SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.**

SPORT

CANOEING

Devizes to Westminster Canoe Marathon, Apr 17-20 (seniors arrive County Hall Steps, SE1, from 7.30am, Apr 18; juniors & singles from 7am, Apr 20). **SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.**

CRICKET

MCC v Essex, Lord's. Apr 22-24.

Britannic Assurance County Championship matches start Apr 25.

Middx v Yorks, Lord's. Apr 25-27.

Surrey v Derby, The Oval. Apr 29-May 1.

EQUESTRIANISM

Whitbread Championship Horse Trials, Badminton, Avon. Apr 9-12. ➤➤

TOP CHOICE

MUSEUMS

Londoners: The Way We Were. A social history of the capital in paintings drawings & prints from the 13th to 20th centuries. Divided thematically into class groups, this show is an excellent opportunity to see under one roof such good historical material from collections throughout Britain. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Apr 29-Aug 2. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Apr 17.

LOCARNO is sheltered from winds and boasts the greatest number of sunshine hours in all Switzerland. It is a year-round resort for those who seek rest and relaxation.



Foto: Grand Hotel Eden, Lugano

LUGANO, also called the European "RIO DE JANEIRO", enjoys a Mediterranean climate throughout the year. Swiss efficiency combines with the fascinating Italian spirit, amidst one of Europe's most attractive landscapes.

GRAND HOTEL

★★★★★ LOCARNO

CF-6600 LOCARNO

Tel. 0104193-33 02 82 - Tx. 846 143

Built in 1876 - a historical first-class hotel with 20th-century conveniences. Located in a romantic park at the centre of the town, just a few minutes from Lago Maggiore.

Beautiful rooms and suites with all modern conveniences - direct dialling telephone - cable TV (ARD + ZDF) with 16 programmes.

French Restaurant and "Alle Grotte"

Restaurant (new since 1986) - bar - tennis court.

Early and late season rates.

The sunniest swimming-pool in the whole area.

Enjoy your next glass of sparkling champagne in sunny

TIGINO

Southern Switzerland

Hôtel ★★★★★
Esplanade
CH-6600 LOCARNO



A relaxing base for your holiday.

Large park with paths, flower gardens and meadows
Large outdoor swimming-pool (27°C), Sauna, Solarium
3 illuminated tennis courts, trainer
Special indoor tennis courts, bowls
Concerts, entertainment, excursions, barbecue

Ask for our leaflets featuring all-in weeks.

Int. tel. 0104193/33 21 21

Tx. 846 146 ESPL P

Europa ★★★★★
grand hotel au lac Lugano

Attractive junior suites and rooms with balconies and lake view.
Prime location on the lakeside walk.
Restaurant, Piano Bar, Snack-bar.
Café Boulevard, Swimming-pool.
Night-Club, Shopping.
Avis Rent-a-Car.
... and genuine Swiss hospitality.

7 days HB from Fr. 882 per person in a double room.

7 days BB from Fr. 602 per person in a double room.

Tel. 0104191/55 01 71 - Tx. 79 223

CH-6902 Lugano.

ALBERGO GOTTARDO CH-6903 LUGANO

STREIF(F) ↔

Magnificent view over the lake of Lugano. 5 minutes walk from the station and the city.

Excellent cuisine. Bar.

Conference room.

P.

CH-6903 Lugano
Via C.L. Maraini 1/Piazza
FFS/SBB

Tel. 0104191/22 77 77

Tx. 843 271

HOTEL REBER ★★★★★
LOCARNO AU LAC

First-class hotel in a lovely, quiet location directly on the lake.

French restaurant, American bar, Lake terrace, Spanish grill room with pianist, private beach, heated pool, boating pier, tennis court, large subtropical garden, P cable TV with 20 programmes.

Open all year.

Bookings: Fam. Reber,
Tel. 0104193 33 02 02 - Tx. 84 60 74

Hotel du Lac-Seehof
Lugano-Paradiso ★★★★★

THE PERSONAL DIMENSION.

Gastronomy, sports, entertainment, leisure, relaxation.

Located directly on the lake, 1 km from city centre. Do you know us? We shall be glad to send you leaflets and a programme of events.
Restaurant "L'ARRAZO".
Bar "Le petit point".

Cristina and Corrado
Kneschaurek jun.
Hotel du Lac Seehof, 6902 Lugano.
Tel. 0104191/54 19 21 - Tx. 79 555.



HOTEL MEISTER ★★★★★
LUGANO PARADISO

The holiday hotel with a traditional Swiss atmosphere. Central location, near lakeside walk and boating pier. San Salvatore train. 80 rooms with all modern conveniences. Distinguished reception rooms, bar, lift, sun terraces, heated swimming-pool in idyllic garden, meadow for sun-bathing, barbecue, P. Garage opposite. Tennis court. Cinema and other entertainment nearby.

7-day overall rate for "Lugano to your own requirements" from Fr. 525.- (room and breakfast).

Information and bookings: H. & J. Müller, propr.
Tel. 0104191/54 14 12 - Tx. 79 365.

Grand Hotel
Villa Castagnola
au lac Lugano

★★★★

Tennis ● indoor/outdoor swimming pool ● private beach ● sauna-solarium-fitness centre ● large park ● quiet situation ● P ● near congress-centre ● exclusive suites ● modern rooms with all comforts ● bar and restaurant

CH-6906 Lugano
reservations: Manager P.
A. Müller
Phone 0104191/51 22 13
Telex. 841 200

HOTEL ★★★★★
QUISISANA
CH-6600 LOCARNO

First-class hotel with all mod. cons.

Central, quiet location in subtropical gardens.

All rooms with balcony or loggia, Colour TV (ARD ZDF)

Indoor pool, fitness room, solarium, sauna.

New: Tennis court as from May.

Restaurant, Bar.

Open all year.

Owner: R. U. Schällibaum
Tel. 0104193/330141
Tx. 846020

ANCESTRY

ANCESTRY TRACING

no longer costs a fortune if you use our services.

Write at once giving brief family details for free estimate to:

KINTRACERS LIMITED

2 Churchwood Close,
Rough Common, Canterbury, Kent.
Tel: 0227-464740.

ANCESTRY

Contact the team
with the best experience World-wide
ACHIEVEMENTS
NORTHGATE CANTEBURY CT11BA (J)
TEL: 0227 462618

For economical research and art-work

HERALDRY

TRACING YOUR ANCESTORS?

For professional advice contact:

WORLDWIDE ANCESTRY RESEARCH
28 Loughwood Close,
Boyatt Wood, Eastleigh,
Hampshire SO5 4OL,
England

ANCESTRY TRACED

BURKE'S PEERAGE will trace
YOUR ancestry with the same
diligence it is renowned for in
tracing great families of the world.
Burke's Peerage Genealogical Books Ltd
Department 2, 1/2 Cambridge Gate,
London, NW1 4JN
Telephone: (01) 385 4206

HOLIDAYS



OXFORD CLASSICAL TOURS

Sail the wine dark sea of Homer relaxing on our graceful and unhurried schooner.
Swim in deserted coves, wander through the temples of the gods, and sense the ghosts of ancient heroes as the sun dips beyond the waves.

Soak up the unique atmosphere of friendly Greek tavernas, and feast with Bacchus and his fellow gods in a barbecue under the stars.

For full details of big discounts for early bookings of our July to September fortnightly accompanied small group tours:

OXFORD CLASSICAL TOURS
24/25 Walton Crescent, Oxford, OX1 2JG
Telephone (0865) 515345
Telex 837853 MIMO G

THE ART OF ETCHING

on the beautiful Ionian island of Corfu.
Courses of one, two and three weeks.
Tutor Delia Delderfield B.A.

Personal tuition with a maximum of ten people.
Accommodation is at the LUCCIOLA INN.
Prices from £258 inclusive of tuition and half-board accommodation.

For full details and brochures please contact direct.
Delia Delderfield,
Lucciola Inn, Sgombou, Corfu, Greece.
Telephone 010-30-661-91344

SUNNINGDALE BERKSHIRE

SUPERB
Holiday Cottage
adjacent to Golf Course
Near Wentworth ●
Royal Ascot ● Windsor
Tel: Ascot 0990-21068

HOTELS

THE HILL HOTEL

60 YORK ROAD, ACOMB, YORK YO2 5LW.
YORK (0904) 790777



MAKE THIS YOUR YEAR TO VISIT
Viking York!

Our Georgian Hotel creates a country house atmosphere in the beautiful city of York. All rooms have private bath & shower, colour TV, radio, telephone, hairdryer, tea/coffee making facilities. Home made Yorkshire fare in our candlelit dining room. Well stocked bar. Large walled garden and car park. Bargain breaks available.

A warm welcome and comfortable stay awaits you at

THE HILL HOTEL

BTA commended AA 2 star, Egon Ronay
Please phone or write to Miss H. Haggan for colour brochure and tariff.

LINNDHU HOUSE TOBERMORY, ISLE OF MULL

Tel: (0688) 2425



Linndhu House is a traditional highland hotel in 35 acres of woodland and beautiful gardens, having magnificent views over the Sound of Mull towards Ardnamurchan. We offer superb comfort and cuisine. There is a trout stream in the grounds and river, loch and sea fishing can be arranged as can deer stalking. Alternatively walking, birdwatching or just enjoying the incomparable scenery of the island should appeal. We are just 2 miles south of Tobermory on A848 Salen to Tobermory road.

Owners: Jennifer & Ian McLean

POLRAEN COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL SANDPLACE, LOOE CORNWALL PL13 1PJ

TELEPHONE: LOOE 3956
Proprietors: Peter & Joyce Allcroft



We are a former 18th century coaching inn situated in a peaceful valley, two miles from Looe. Now a fully licensed hotel offering every comfort and a warm welcome to all our guests.

Centrally heated, en suite bedrooms, with tea and coffee making facilities in each room. Our excellent cuisine uses locally grown vegetables and locally made bread.

MINI BREAKS

£60 (inc VAT) per person any 3 nights
until 30th April excluding Easter.
Ring or write now for brochure.

GENERAL

EXCLUSIVE classic stained glass windows, porches, screens etc., designed and created by an artist.

Genuine individually designed works of art!

Telephone: 01-794 8541
Philip Dawes for
personal attention

Hirsh

FINE JEWELS

Modern Antique Second hand

We are International dealers in Fine Jewellery. If you wish to BUY or SELL our knowledgeable staff are available to advise, in strictest confidence.

To enhance our fabulous collection we constantly require large Diamonds, gems and jewellery of fine quality. A personal visit can be arranged either at our offices or a venue convenient to you.

Telephone our office for an appointment. We would also be pleased to quote for Valuations or Repairs.

Tel: 01-405 6080 (24hr. ansafone)

Hirsh Fine Jewels, Diamond House,
Hatton Garden, London, EC1.
Members of The London Chamber of Commerce.

BOOK PUBLISHER invites AUTHORS to send manuscripts for publication on subsidy terms. All categories considered including AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, POETRY and NEW AUTHORS are welcome.

MERLIN BOOKS LTD.

East Street, Braintree, Devon EX33 2LD.
Tel: (0271) 812117.

HOUSE-HUNTING IN THE SUFFOLK AREA?

As experienced house-viewers we short-list properties, bearing the brunt of the early searching. Personal, non-computerized service.

Norfolk and Suffolk
Home Finders
Little Roundwood,
240, Sidegate Lane, Ipswich, IP4 3DH.
Tel: 0473 76902

GREENWICH—LONDON

Beautifully modernised one bedroom flat in the heart of historic Greenwich. Close to Cutty Sark, Maritime Museum and River, with easy access to Central London. Available for short holiday lets, sleeps 2/4, all mod cons. £200 per week.

Mrs V Totty, 16 Greenwich Church St.,
London SE10

Telephone: 858 1404 or 858 0657



AVRIL NOBLE GALLERY

Antique Maps & Engravings
16th to 19th Century
The decoration which is also an investment
2 Southampton Street,
Strand, WC2 7HA
01-240 1970

SHOES

HAND SEWN SHOES and RIDING BOOTS

HAND SEWN made to measure shoes and riding boots for perfect comfort on your own special last from £250. Also a full range of shoes from stock at around £85.00. Call or send for our colour brochure and self measurement form.

Tricker's

67 Jermyn Street,
St. James's, London S.W.1.
Tel: 01-930-6395

SPORT continued

FOOTBALL

European Championship: Northern Ireland v England, Belfast, Apr 1; Wales v Finland, Wrexham, Apr 1; Northern Ireland v Yugoslavia, Belfast, Apr 29; Wales v Czechoslovakia, Wrexham, Apr 29.

Littlewood's Cup final, Wembley, Apr 5.

HORSE RACING

Liverpool meeting, Aintree, Apr 2-4 (Grand National, Apr 4). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.

Newmarket flat race meeting, Apr 14-16.

Whitbread Gold Cup, Guardian Classic Trial, Sandown Park, Apr 25.

SNOOKER

Embassy World Professional Championship, Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, Apr 18-May 4.

SQUASH

Hi Tec British Open Championships, Wembley Conference Centre, Apr 10-14.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

BOOK NOW

Buxton Festival, July 23-Aug 9. Brochure with booking form available from early Apr: send sae to Buxton Festival Office, 1 Crescent View, Hall Bank, Buxton, Derbys, SK17 6EN (0298 70395).

Edinburgh International Festival, July 28-Aug 31. Brochure with booking form available from end Apr from The Festival Office, 21 Market St, Edinburgh, EH1 1BW (031-226 4001).

LIFT (London International Festival of Theatre), July 13-Aug 2. Brochure with booking form available from end Apr from LIFT '87, Unit 33, 44 Earlham St, WC2H 9LA (836 7186).

Los Angeles Philharmonic, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1, May 19. Telephone booking from Apr 14 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

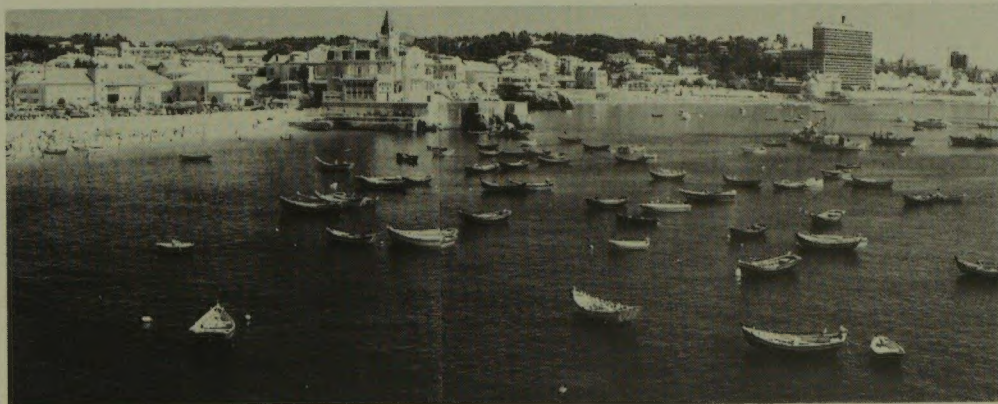
Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). Telephone booking from Apr 1 for *The Nightingale* & *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* (opens May 4), *Turandot* (opens May 11) & *Werther* (opens May 20).

The Royal Tournament, Earls Court Exhibition Centre, Warwick Rd, SW5 9TA, July 15-Aug 1 (373 8141, cc).

Squash: World Individual Championships, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, Oct 17-20. Booking from Apr 10: Squash Box Office, NEC, Birmingham, B40 1NT (021-780 4133, cc); **World Team Championships,** Albert Hall, Oct 28-31. Booking from Apr 10, The Squash Box Office, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7 2AP (589 9465, cc).

Victoria & Albert Museum Summer Course: History of the Fine & Decorative Arts, Aug 10-22, excluding Fri & Sun. £150, concessions £100. Cheques should be made payable to the Victoria & Albert Museum & sent to Angela Thurgood, V&A, Cromwell Rd, SW7 2RL (589 6371), or send sae for syllabus.

PORTUGAL



LISBON AND ENVIRONS

Properties in the environs of Lisbon—especially along the coasts of Estoril and Arrabida—present an enormously intriguing choice of style and taste to meet the requirements of every discerning purchaser.

All benefit from a micro-climate which ensures long sunny days in Summer, balmy warm evenings in Spring and Autumn and a mild Winter.

The small but vital and cosmopolitan capital city offers a plethora of social amenities, entertainments and cultural activities, while in its vicinity you can find every sport catered for.



A Magnificent Mansion at Estoril



A Modest Villa on the outskirts of Cascais

We sell homes suitable for holidays, permanent residence and investment. These range from a restored XVIth century monastery, with sixteen bedrooms and 12 bathrooms at £650,000 to a modest detached villa with three bedrooms and swimming pool at £83,000 and from ultra modern apartments to magnificent mansions and country cottages.

A note of your specific requirements will result in our every endeavour to assist you in making the right choice.

PROMOTING PRIME PROPERTIES THROUGHOUT PORTUGAL

9 Heath Street, London NW3 6TP Telephone: 01-435 2299 Tx: 25480 EQUES G
Av. 5 de Outubro, 10,1°,1000 Lisboa Telephone: 57 11 18 Tx: 15600 FUNDIS P

GEORGE KNIGHT
— Overseas —



LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government
Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE HEART DISEASE
Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers